JOHN BULL, week ending June 27, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. [illegible]

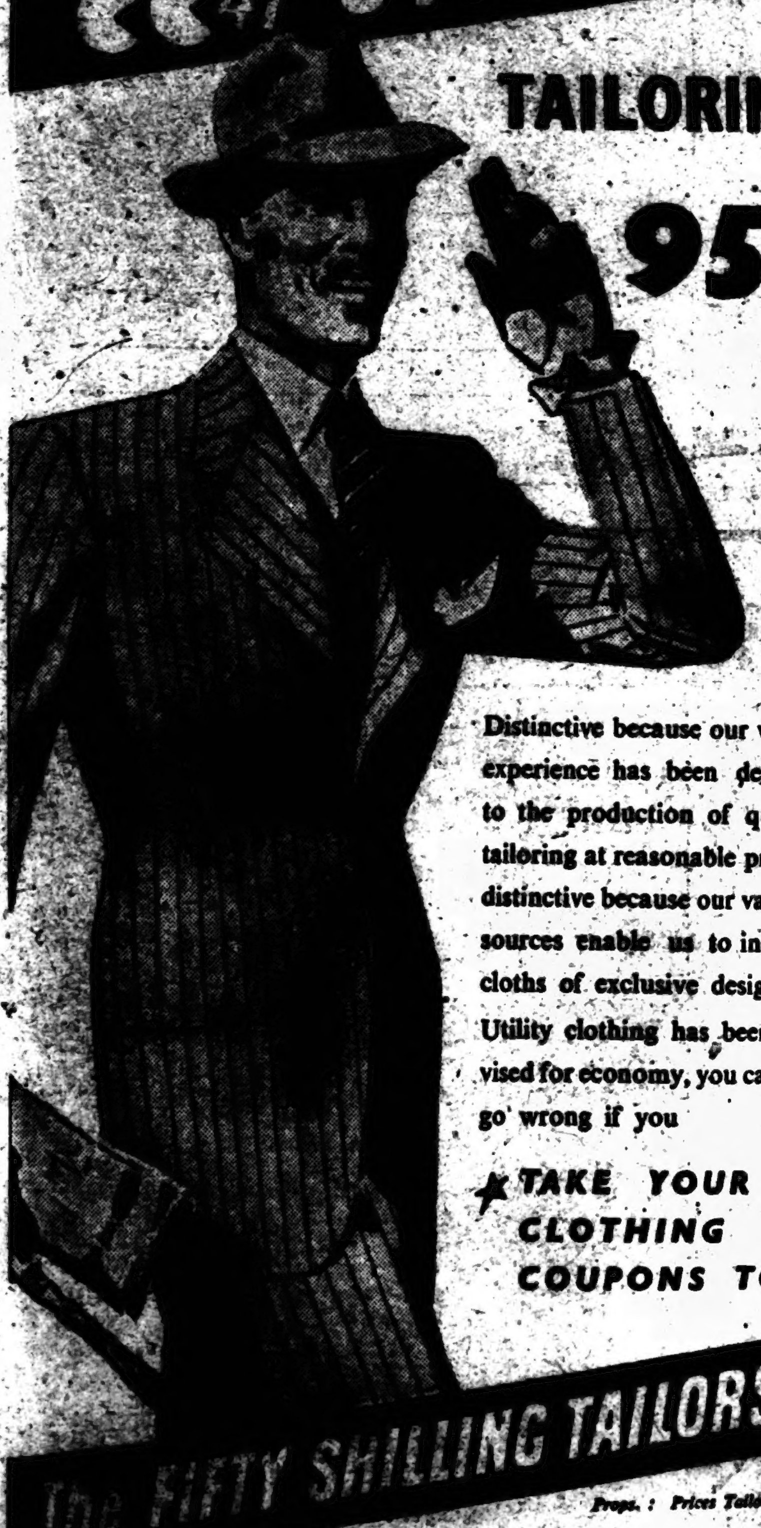
3D. EVERY THURSDAY

EVERYTHING FOR THE NEW FRONT
by The EDITOR

BIG LIQUOR RACQUET DISCLOSURES

WHAT NOW IN THE PACIFIC?
by A.G.G.

DISTINCTIVE "41 UTILITY" TAILORING 95/-



Distinctive because our whole experience has been devoted to the production of quality tailoring at reasonable prices; distinctive because our vast resources enable us to include cloths of exclusive design. Utility clothing has been devised for economy, you cannot go wrong if you

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The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

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OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

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BULMER'S DRY CIDER
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so please return the empties

If you have been lucky enough to secure a supply of Bulmer's Cider, please see that the empty bottles are sent back promptly to your Retailer. He needs them to make up his return case. There is a serious shortage of bottles, stoppers and cases so the sooner empties come back to us the better for us, your dealer, and you in turn.

Bulmer's Cider

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THE NEW RATION BOOK:

RE-REGISTER

as soon as you get yours

The new Food Ration Book will take the place of the old Main Book, the Points Book and the Yellow Supplement on July 26. To be able to use it you *must register again* (for everything except milk) *with whatever shops you choose.* Distribution of Ration Books began on June 15, but don't worry if yours isn't in an early batch. You may register as soon as you receive your book — and you will be wise to do so, because this will "spread the load" for the shops and make it an easier and quicker job for you.

In choosing your shops, take no notice of promises of delivery. Labour, petrol and tyres are very short, and no shopkeeper can guarantee delivery service for long. Do not choose a retailer who is further away than your present one, and help by carrying your goods home.

As soon as you receive your Food Ration Book:

1 Fill in the counterfoils for meat, bacon, butter, cheese, eggs, sugar. These are on pages 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, and are marked A. *Do not take these counterfoils out of the book.* Poultry keepers are asked not to register for eggs, but to rely upon their own supplies. Do *not* fill in the spaces marked B unless you intend to deposit the pages with the shops.

2 Now fill in on page 38 the names and addresses of your chosen retailers, including those of your *present* milk supplier — there will be no *new* registration for milk, but remember to enter your age (if under 18) when writing in the name of your milk supplier on page 38. *It will be an offence to use the book if the spaces on page 38 are not filled in.*

3 To re-register, take the book to your shops, going first to the shop at which you will buy most foods. The shopkeeper will take out the counterfoils.

HUNT PIE

Time: Preparation 10 mins. Cooking 35 mins. *Quantity:* For 4 people. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. lentils (soaked overnight), 2 oz. minced meat, 1 dessertspoonful chopped mint and parsley, ½ teaspoonful meat or vegetable extract, 2 oz. chopped leek, 1 lb. chopped root vegetables and cabbage, ½ to 1 pint of water (in which lentils soaked), salt, pepper.

Pastry: 2 oz. oatmeal, 2 oz. flour, 1 level teaspoonful baking powder, water to mix, salt.

Method: Bring water to boil, add leek, vegetables, lentils, meat, seasoning. Put on pan lid, cook for 10 to 15 minutes, stir to prevent sticking. Make pastry, press into a round, place on top of the meat, vegetables, etc. Replace lid. Cook for a further 15-20 minutes. Lift pastry with a slice, slide meat, etc., into a dish, put pastry on top, sprinkle with chopped parsley and mint. Serve with mashed potatoes and watercress.

Help the retailer and yourself by following the above directions exactly. He has no time to do the job for you.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 107

What do I do...

to keep my children safe on the roads?

While they are very young, I never allow them near traffic without someone to look after them.

I begin early to teach them "safety first." I show them repeatedly how to cross the road safely — to stop at the curb, to look *both* ways before stepping off, and to use always the safest places to cross.

I warn them not to play in the roadway. And by way of example I obey the traffic rules myself.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

The BUSINESS WOMAN'S *Opportunity*

If you are not over 34 you can make certain of

- A DOWRY WHEN YOU MARRY
- A PENSION IF YOU REMAIN SINGLE OR A SUBSTANTIAL CASH SUM AT THE END OF 25 YEARS
- PROVISION FOR DEPENDANTS IF YOU DIE

These benefits, among others, can be secured by taking out a Prudential "Business Woman's Policy."

FILL IN & POST THIS COUPON *today*

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.
I desire particulars of your "BUSINESS WOMAN'S POLICY"

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

________________ *Age next birthday* ______

J.B. 27/6/42. P.P. 491

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will HEAL IT Clean!

Dear Sirs,
My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body, the irritation was awful. Then suddenly I thought of GERMOLENE. Within a week he was cured, and thanks to GERMOLENE he is a happy little fellow again.
Mrs. R. T., Ripley.

Germolene is good for all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Heat Rash, Sunburn, Insect Bites, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

A HARDER DAY? THEN A BETTER NIGHT!

EXTRA HARD WORK NEEDS EXTRA SOUND SLEEP

You're no help to the Nation if you let yourself get run down!

WE'VE all got our hands pretty full nowadays. Keeping fit is a national duty. And that is why scientifically *sound sleep* is more important now than ever it was.

Here are two big 'sound sleep' secrets that will help you a lot.

1 A troubled mind destroys much of sleep's value. Whatever your anxieties you must put them from you half-an-hour before bedtime and *think of something that makes you happy.* That will make your sleep twice as refreshing—twice as healthy.

2 A 'nightcap' of Bourn-vita soothes your nerves, helps your digestion, its pleasant warmth calms your body—you'll find you wake up feeling ready for anything when once you've made Bourn-vita a nightly rule.

* * *

Try out these two tips to-night—and prove for yourself how much better you feel to-morrow!

With Cadburys

BOURN-VITA

you'll be equal to it!

1/5 per ½ lb.

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS *Quickly*

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical.

NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

6d Per Tin.

STILL PRE-WAR PRICE

White shoes are scarce — keep yours white with

BLANCO

WHITE CLEANER

Blanco Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaner can be called "BLANCO" [illegible]

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 27, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

> ***"Come the three corners of the world in arms,***
> ***And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,***
> ***If England to itself do rest but true."***

Straight from the Shoulder

ALL-OUT TO WIN

LIBYA has shocked the ostriches.

They seem to have imagined that the best troops in the German army would fade away like a desert mirage.

They forgot the hard fact that our supply line is a hazardous one of 12,000 miles, whereas the Axis line is little more than 300 miles.

Getting Through

Weeks before the present campaign began, even when the Navy was capsizing Rommel's supply ships like skittles, we warned you that many other ships were getting through. And we warned that the fighting would be bitter and difficult.

But note this: the enemy's teeth are being drawn.

Quick Mover

Rommel is a superb general. Last time he amazed us by the speed with which he repaired damaged tanks. This time, by the speed in repairing his supply lines.

He will make use of the broken tanks we have had to leave behind.

Yet they will not compensate for the hundreds of his own tanks that have been knocked out—smashed beyond repair

Mighty Drain

Hitler cannot go on supplying him with fresh tanks. The Russian front is greedy for all the Nazis can produce.

So every tank and every dive-bomber that Rommel loses make it less likely that he will be able to cross the Egyptian frontier.

Brighter Skies

But undoubtedly our position in the Mediterranean has been gravely worsened by events in Libya. The task of the Navy has been made doubly difficult; even our hold on Malta may be threatened.

On the other hand, we have battered the Italian navy into flight—though at heavy cost to ourselves.

And we have been reinforced by U.S. warships. Not before time, for the Nazis are assembling glider fleets in Greece, presumably for a direct attack on Suez.

Russian Summer

Our Russian allies are heavily on the defensive. But—and it's a tremendous "but"—the Nazis are making little headway.

The Russian summer is no more to their liking than was the Russian winter.

They are still 600 miles from oil. They are exhausting their men and materials at a prodigious rate—without much chance of reaching the rich lands that might restore their strength.

Confident M. Maisky

Indeed, shrewd and cautious M. Maisky declares that the Red Army is stronger than ever, and is preparing for *the defeat of Hitlerite Germany in 1942.*

He adds that the best means of speeding victory is to open a Western Front—on which the United Nations have agreed.

Moscow radio goes further. It urges a Western Front *now.*

Washington Conference

So Mr. Churchill and his staff have had plenty to discuss in Washington.

The vast question of supplies. The disquieting, dangerous question of our shipping losses—generally believed to be very great. Above all, the urgent question of World Strategy.

That strategy will surely include the Western Front that the British, American and Russian peoples demand.

Confused Mr. Hitler

Hitler expects it. The Maginot Line is being rearmed and turned to meet a possible British invasion. Even the old Hindenburg Line is being rebuilt to bar the way into Germany.

And the *Luftwaffe* is coming back.

Look to A.R.P.

Three weeks ago we said that the 500 *Luftwaffe* 'planes in Greece would be sent to aid Rommel. They were. This week, we report that both fighters and bombers are returning to French bases from the Russian front.

No doubt they are returning in case we open a Western Front. But perhaps also to resume the bombing of Britain and thus mollify the survivors of our mass raids!

So let us look to our A.R.P. arrangements.

Stop the Gas!

However, there should be no more of those senseless, dangerous and irritating "gas tests" in town streets.

Preparations against gas attack can be made without the wasteful and painful stunts that delight some official zealots. After all, ambulance workers do not break a patient's limbs in order to get some stretcher practice

Pull in the Slack

But if the plans for a Western Front are to be put into practice, war production must be further increased.

An M.P. has declared that if inefficient factories were brought up to date, the country could save £2,000,000 a day on war expenditure.

Translate that into terms of bigger output and realise how much more we can do!

Turn Round

Secondly, our shipping position must be improved.

Turn the ships round more quickly! Hasten shipbuilding and ship repair!

Just as the Axis is straining every nerve to sink our vessels and thus aggravate our worst problem, so must we exert the last ounce of endeavour to counter its moves.

Hunting the Slinkers

This means we must take offensive action against the U-boat in every stage of its construction, and wherever it slinks through the seas

JOHN BULL has consistently advocated such measures, and therefore congratulates the R.A.F. on its massive raid against the U-boat yards at Emden.

More, please!

Keep It Dark

Such are the needful preparations for a Western Front. There is also the need for a word of caution.

Just as public demand has ensured the opening of a so-called Second Front in Europe, so might public gossip make of it a second Dunkirk

There is far too much talk of our military moves. Some of it contains fact as well as fancy—facts that enemy agents must find highly useful!

China's Great Fight

As for the Far Eastern Front, the facts are plain enough. China—that ally for whom no superlative of praise can do justice—must receive supplies ahead of schedule.

Her gallantry is inexhaustible, but her need of aid is urgent. She cannot be expected to keep the Japanese at bay for ever

Guarantee of Success

Her potential armies are so vast as to dazzle the imagination. But her trained troops are weary and under-equipped.

Equip them quickly, and they will not be too weary to beat back the hordes against whom they battled unaided for years

Disposal for Victory

In brief, the resources of the United Nations must be disposed where they can promise the greatest returns.

The excellent co-operation between the British Army, R.A.F. and Navy in the Mediterranean sector must be repeated not only between *all* the fighting forces of *all* the United Nations, but between their various supply services.

Joint Offensive

Nor can there be any doubt that the workers appreciate the need for an all-out effort if we are to establish a Western Front that, we hope, will bring a decent peace nearer.

In that campaign we shall have powerful support from others of the United Nations. And we deserve it.

Leading Position

As General Sikorski has said, we have made greater efforts than any other nation

Even so, we are not yet full-out. We have still to get the maximum possible from our factories, workshops and shipyards. We have still to fight in Europe on terms of clear superiority—as we are determined to do.

Ready for Action

Ships, 'planes, guns and tanks are wanted—and wanted in a hurry.

We have the men—and women. We have the materials. We have the machines.

Let all be used to provide the weapons required by our world strategy and thus hasten the peace!

(Continued overleaf)

PAY UP!

● Demand is growing for better pay for Servicemen and their dependants

It will be heightened by the new increase for U.S. Servicemen that has just been approved by President Roosevelt.

A British Tommy's wife, without children or hardship allowance, gets 25s. a week. An American soldier's wife will in future receive 62s. 6d.

A British private's pay, without proficiency allowance, is 17s. 6d. less 3s. 6d. for his wife.

His American counterpart receives 75s. when on foreign service, less 27s. 6d. allotment to his wife, or 6[illegible] 6d if on home service, minus 27s. 6d. for his wife.

It will be asked if we cannot afford to pay at least half the American rates to those who are preserving our freedom.

And, as JOHN BULL has long maintained, it is not merely a question of £ s. d. but of social justice.

The same applies to the question of old age and widow's pensions, which at last are to be "reviewed" by the Government's "Pooh-Bah"—Sir William Beveridge.

His comprehensive report is not expected till autumn. JOHN BULL demands a far more speedy decision.

IT WILL BE A RECORD HARVEST

● This season's crops are good. They promise to be the heaviest ever.

But farmers are both elated and worried.

What will be the use of record crops if there is insufficient labour to harvest them?

We have raised the point on this page several times this season. Now we say that the Ministry of Agriculture has no further time to lose.

It must issue its harvest plans now.

JOHN BULL predicts there will be no further opposition from trades unions to the harvest-work-for-schoolchildren plan. But that is not enough.

There should be a national scheme to enable all men and women to spend their holidays on the farms, and to divert all youth organisations to part-time land work.

There will be no more important task in all Britain. A task in which tens of thousands of volunteers can greatly help. A task that would improve the health of young people and ensure the future health of the whole community!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

A SENIOR officer had much difficulty in finding a hotel room in a great port recently. Everywhere seemed crowded out.

Next morning, however, his hotel was empty.

"You see, sir," his waiter explained, "the troop convoy sailed two hours ago."

Advance Information

"What the blazes do you know about troop movements?" the officer demanded.

"Oh, we always know. The place suddenly fills up with officers, and they tell us they will be leaving early next morning. It's easy to guess why.

"Trouble is, sir, we've got a lot of Italian waiters here. So they always have twelve hours notice of troop sailings. I tell you, sir, we British waiters don't like it."

Sensible System

Nor does JOHN BULL. The Navy and R.A.F. have a different system of embarkation; the men spend the night in a clearing centre in the country, then travel direct to the port next morning and immediately embark.

That's sensible.

Snubbed

Forestry girls of Thetford, Norfolk, invite the ladies of leisure who sneer at them to spend a day in the forest—just to see what work is like.

They also allege that local shopkeepers are reluctant to serve them.

We don't suppose Thetford is exceptional. There are silly, mean-minded people in every town.

Cure

They wouldn't be cured by any such Goebbels' stunt as "prizes for courtesy," nor by any extension of our wicked "white feather" nonsense.

But we do suggest that decent people should rebuke and even boycott the ill-mannered fools who gibe at Land Army girls, firemen and other war workers.

Minding one's own business is not always a virtue.

The Great Round-up

Very much everyone's business is the position of young British poets, tennis players, actors and idlers who fled to the United States to dodge the call-up.

Well, JOHN BULL can tell you that they are being checked-up by the authorities—who are startled at their numbers.

Action to be taken will largely depend on the attitude of the U.S. Government.

Recalled

Complete contrast to those dodgers is a man of whom we told you recently. Discharged from the Army on medical grounds, he later improved in health but could not rejoin the Service.

Since our intervention, he has been informed by the military authorities that regulations have been amended and the Ministry of Labour tells him that discharged men are to be recalled for examination.

Too Many Weapons!

Our part-timers in khaki, the Home Guard, are said to like the new Sten automatic gun, now being issued in large quantities.

But JOHN BULL is beginning to wonder if the Home Guard is not over-equipped.

One member of our staff has so far had to master the intricacies of eleven different types of weapons.

Simplify!

That may be all right for full-time soldiers. It is too much to expect of men tired by a day's work and who have only two evenings a week for soldiering.

Better that they should be proficient in the use of four or five weapons than uncertain about a dozen!

H.G. training should be simplified down to the essentials of defence.

The Giddy Limit

Latest and certainly the craziest example of spit-and-polish brought to our notice must also be brought to official notice.

After a rather muddy exercise, we are told, men in one unit were ordered to use fire extinguishers to clean their kit!

Year of Grace

Thousands of men have had to shut down their businesses, losing their savings and goodwill, when called for military service

Some have been granted deferment of service, but rarely for longer than six months.

Yet one Londoner who has already had a year's deferment has just been granted another six months, because he has a one-man business.

Which business is to travel from one public-house to another, hawking razor blades and knick-knacks to the customers!

Where's Equity!

Plainly, there is no equality of sacrifice about that.

We suggest to the Ministry of Labour that the one-man traders most deserving of deferment are those who have lease, rate and other obligations to meet.

In the Dark

But the Ministry's methods are sometimes beyond the intelligent man's comprehension.

A Kingston woman appealed against a direction to take up war work. She appeared before the tribunal and was told she would be notified of its decision.

Next day she was again ordered by the National Service Officer to enter a munitions factory. She did not go, expecting to hear from the tribunal.

No Authority.

Instead, she was hailed before the magistrates and fined £5.

And she learned in court that the appeals tribunal has no judicial authority, and the National Service Officer is not bound by its decision.

Her solicitor caustically remarked that the tribunals "are so much eye-wash."

That is a matter of opinion; but there can be no difference of opinion that the tribunal's decision should be made known to the person concerned.

Too Much!

The age of miracles is not yet past.

Sailors arriving home complain that one cannot buy less than 25 lb. of butter at Gibraltar.

We shouldn't complain.

Where's the Sugar!

Which reminds us that some old folk in public institutions complain of never being allowed any sugar, although they have to surrender their ration cards.

For example, do the inmates of Fareham Institute have to go without sugar? We hope not.

Women In Industry

Among the explicit resolutions passed by the National Conference of Labour Women this week was one which deserved more publicity than it received.

It urged the Government to ratify the Washington Convention on the employment of women before and after childbirth.

And it demanded six weeks' leave from work on full pay before and after confinement.

Uncivilised

That is the practice in Soviet Russia and was so in other countries before Nazi conquest.

The British failure to observe the Convention is a sorry reflection on our civilisation, a miserable surrender to the greed of private employers, for which no excuse is possible.

Use the Vote

But, frankly, this disgrace would not have continued but for the apathy of women themselves.

The war has brought millions of women into industry for the first time. When the war is over, will they go back home and cease to be interested in industrial and political problems?

Or will they use the vote intelligently and see they are represented by more active and more intelligent M.P.s?

It is up to them.

Fire Guard Pay

A new Whitehall regulation has introduced a new anomaly—that's the Whitehall way.

It states that any person living on premises to which fire prevention arrangements apply shall not receive subsistence allowance.

At first sight that seems fair enough. But see how it works out.

Penalised

Some fire-watchers live in flats over business premises, but have no connection with the business. Now they'll be ineligible for allowance.

In one fire-guard post, a watcher lived over his shop and so received no payment, another from the "pool" received 1s. 6d., and the third—an employee of the shop—received 3s.

Whitehall, please note.

Slate in the Coal

A miner sends us another explanation for the rubbishy coal that reaches the private consumer.

At his pit, tubs of good coal leaving the screens are dabbed with white dots, while tubs of inferior stuff are splashed with yellow.

Our reader alleges that the white marks are frequently removed and yellow substituted. In a recent thunderstorm, the rain washed off the yellow from 114 tubs; next day, they were replaced by white.

Will State control stop this brazen swindle?

On the Nod

People who swindle the railways are usually brazen and deserve all they get. But we may ask whether the Southern Railway is too apt to suspect honest travellers of an intention to swindle.

It has been rather unlucky in its recent prosecutions. One man was actually summoned because he had fallen asleep and travelled past his proper station!

Red Light

Now, when that sort of case is brought to court the public has every reason to suspect the Southern Railway officials of being officious.

A little more discretion would save magistrates' time and travellers' temper.

Polite Hint

A Sheffield conductress was killed by falling off her 'bus as it rounded a curve. Her fellow-workers collected £51 9s. to help her old parents (her father is crippled with arthritis).

But Sheffield Transport Dept. has deducted £24 5s. 6d. for funeral expenses.

We fancy the ratepayers would rather those expenses had been borne by the department, and the total subscriptions handed over to the old people.

Behind the News

- **Franco is using the Nazi-Soviet war as battle-school for the Spanish army. Spanish "Volunteers Against Bolshevism" are exchanged every month so that a maximum number of soldiers can gain experience of modern war.**
- *The Second Front has become an obsession with Nazis—Rundstedt is the last of a long procession of prominent Nazis to inspect the Channel coast and order new precautions.*
- A new wave of anti-Semitism is sweeping Germany, artificially created by the Nazis to divert the public's mind from the war situation.
- **Nearly a thousand Jews have been murdered and executed in Germany in the last three weeks alone.**
- *Nazi leaders threaten to murder 10,000 Jews if another of Hitler's principal gangsters is hurt or killed by anti-Nazis*
- **Strain of intensified U-boat warfare on partially trained crews has forced Nazis to allow them double rest periods. So the U-boat time-table is upset.**
- Nazi A.R.P. racket has been exposed by 1,000-'planes Ruhr raids. Supply swindles caused breakdown of services outside big towns when Cologne and Essen called for help.
- *Nazi man-power problem, U.S.A. economic experts insist, will pin Hitler down within the next six weeks to final decision whether to withdraw men from the army if national war effort is to be maintained at strength and to risk field defeat if he does so.*
- To prevent German mass discontent among working-classes at 84-90-hour week lately imposed by Hitler, Civil Servants and other black coats have to act as ticket collectors, etc., children as postmen.
- **Vultee Vengeance, Allied dive-bomber now starting mass delivery, has already proved its superiority over latest Stukas.**
- *Hamburg food riots, when naval men and women were killed lately, have alarmed Nazis more than any other Reich disturbance. Similar riots in this port led to German collapse in 1918 when Kaiser's armies were still unbeaten and on foreign ground.*

Without Fear or Favour

By the Editor

EVERYTHING for the NEW FRONT

ALL "Second Fronters" can now be satisfied that the Allies intend to invade Europe before the year is out.

But they must *not* be satisfied to leave it at that. Instead, they should face the consequences which must spring from the British-American pledge to Russia.

Barely six months separate us from 1943, and no man can tell from week to week, or even from day to day, when we shall commit our destinies to the supreme adventure.

What are WE doing? Are all of us working with equal energy and speed?.

If not, we are fools, for the only thing we know as a certainty is that, when the European Front is opened, we shall be in for the fight of our lives.

JOHN BULL has always been among the optimists. We have said, and we maintain, that there is a reasonable chance of smashing the Nazis this year.

But we shall not gain total victory this year or next without total effort. We dare not count, and we should be ashamed to count, mainly on Russia, or gathering reinforcements from the States, or a continuance of "thousand-bomber" raids to break down the German war machine for us.

Make no mistake about it; the coming struggle will call for the utmost personal effort of every man and woman, youth and maid in the country.

The Russians have a slogan which sums up their national and individual attitude to this life-or-death conflict: "*Everything for the Front!*"

Now our turn is coming, and our watchword must be: "*Everything for the New Front!*" For we are not moving on to easier times and victory softly won; we are preparing to resume the grim fight of which the first round ended on the beaches of Dunkirk.

JOHN BULL does not address this article to readers in the Fighting Forces. We know that when the call comes they will answer it with discipline and accustomed valour.

Our purpose is to remind the public at home that the hope of victory *this* year rests largely upon the support we can give to our comrades-in-arms.

Jack Tanner, President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, faced this cardinal fact fairly and squarely the other day when he warned its 650,000 members that "unless we win this war we shall not be concerned with wages or any other damned thing."

True; starkly true, and what's the answer? Simply that there *must* be 100 per cent. production, and that we cannot realise that without unremitting, full-time work and no strikes.

We are dangerously short of shipping now. When we have to land, maintain and supply a Continental Expeditionary Force the call upon our tonnage and upon our shipbuilding resources will be greater than we have ever known or imagined.

So we come to the private citizen's opportunities to pull out an extra effort for the supreme cause.

Readers, honestly believing that they are doing their fair share, may wonder how the average man or woman *can* do anything more to help the country.

There are many ways. To begin with, they can save harder, work harder, and grow more food.

Why this insistence upon saving? First, because the war is costing £10,000 a minute, of which not more than £5,000 is supplied by the Revenue,

But the saving in money is far less important than the saving in shipping space. Directly or indirectly, whatever we go without releases some cargo space for war purposes.

Savings groups become more numerous every week. Let us all acquire this excellent habit. The old-time stamp-collector gets no more thrill—and usually far less profit—out of his collection than the war time saver, filling book after book with "sixpennies" and "half-crowns."

One reader—not a Scot!—said in a letter the other day: "I never buy a half-pint now unless I can buy a sixpenny stamp, and never an ounce of tobacco without two bob on the card to go with it."

That seems a good idea, but JOHN BULL would never attempt to chart the course of private conduct. All we say is that "Everything for the New Front" must mean, among many other things, every penny we can divert from personal expenditure to some form of national saving.

And it is essential to save fuel as well as money. JOHN BULL is far from enthusiastic about the Government's compromise solution of the coal problem. Nevertheless, the duty of the private citizen is crystal-clear.

Let him burn no fire he does not need, waste no gas, switch off every non-essential electric light. There are few households which do not consume at least some trifle of unnecessary light or heat.

NOW is their chance to stop this wastage, however insignificant it may seem, and save shipping space for the country as well as money for themselves.

Already the public has been urged to cut out all unnecessary travel, and, on the whole, the response has been a handsome one. But it could be handsomer, and, once we invade Europe, it will have to be.

When that happens, it should be considered a crime for anybody to make any journey that is not essential.

Similarly, the public should refrain immediately from burdening the Post Office with "luxury" 'phone calls, telegrams, or even letters.

The time will come—perhaps next week; perhaps next month—when every channel of communication will have to be kept free for the priority needs of the Services. Let us anticipate this emergency by clearing all lines at once of needless civilian traffic.

JOHN BULL is well aware that all this is old and, as some may think, stale exhortation, but we are about to face a new and desperately important situation.

We have been taught to think of the risk of invasion by the Germans. Now the time has come to face the risk of *our* invasion of the Continent.

This gives a new meaning to old slogans. Henceforth, when we "dig for victory," let us think of ourselves as digging trenches in a European front line rather than as preparing defences in our own land.

It is essential to grow all the food we can in these islands. We tell our readers plainly that, if they waste land they can work, particularly for crops which can be saved for the winter, they are wasting the lives of Britain's merchant seamen.

BUT though we devote all our spare money and all our "spare" land to the common cause, we shall have failed in our duty unless we also devote to it all our spare time.

Thousands upon thousands of us are satisfied to-day with doing what we are strictly called upon to do. We take our turn at fire-watching; we lend a casual hand to welfare work; we put in our minimum hours on Home Guard or Defence duties.

But, even though most of us have been urging the Government to open the New Front, we have *not* yet faced the full consequences of its decision to do so; we have not said to ourselves: "Here it comes; now *everything for it.*"

YET IT IS COMING BEFORE THE YEAR IS OUT. SEARCH YOUR HEARTS, CONSULT YOUR LOCAL AUTHORITIES, AND THEN, IF THERE IS ANY WAY IN WHICH YOU CAN OFFER ADDITIONAL HELP OR MAKE YOURSELVES MORE USEFUL—"GO TO IT!"

The Man from Lidice

WHEN Hitler and his gang are brought to trial the supreme judge will call one man to hurl at them the grimmest accusation of the century.

I predict he will be civilisation's principal witness for the prosecution. He will be known in history books as "The Man from Lidice."

* * *

He is the only man to escape the horrible bloodbath in which the Nazis murdered the whole male population of Lidice, peaceful little Czech village near the coal-mining town of Kladno, from where they also took away all women and children into prison camps and slavery in Germany.

Even if your soul is hardened by the horrors of this war, by air raids and scenes of destruction; if you have lost dear friends and relatives and have a personal formidable indictment of the whole Nazi gang, you cannot but give first place to the Man from Lidice.

Consider what he has seen!

Living in his village of 1,200 souls, he heard the news that Heydrich, Butcher of Berlin, sent to subjugate the Czechs, had been murdered. He read in his newspaper that more than 300 heroic Czechs, among them sixty-five women, had been killed in a wild Nazi orgy of vengeance.

But somehow the villagers, though good and proud Czechs, were remote from the great events of world history.

The vicar, the school-teacher, the shoemaker, the hairdresser, the grocer, and the butcher lived in a small world of their own. And history struck them with the savagery which Hitler has imposed on the twentieth century.

Some Nazi agent has "discovered" a connection between the murder of Heydrich and the little village of Lidice. Nazi justice does not call for investigation or trial. Suspicion is enough.

S.S. troops were sent to Lidice. Expert murderers, trained executioners surrounded the village. Some 500 male inhabitants, ranging from boys of fifteen to men of eighty, were put against the wall. It does not take long to slaughter 500 unarmed people.

* * *

Big lorries carried away the women and children.

That was not all. Heavy artillery had been brought up. In Lidice, hitherto so remote from the war, flashes of gunfire, the thunder of big guns filled the air. A few young Black Guard gunners had some practice. Lidice was razed to the ground

The Man from Lidice has seen it all. One cannot yet say how he managed to survive the slaughter. The means of his escape, his route to Britain must remain a secret.

Enough that he lives to tell the tale. His superbly brave nation will live to see the murderers punished

It is only now that the Nazis realise fully that the Czechs were not defeated when their country was occupied and the *Gestapo*, in their own foul way, thought they had placed the issue beyond doubt.

* * *

Now the story of Lidice is to be the symbol of the new Nazi treatment of the Czechs. Another S.S. bully, another typical representative of the Swastika, the so-called Police General Daluege, is ruling the Czechs.

His programme can be described with one word: annihilation. He wants to murder a people. He will not succeed.

President Benes has told the Czechs and the whole world that the hour of retribution is near. Before Daluege's work of destruction can be completed the Czechs will be liberated and the axe of the executioner will be in the hands of Justice. **WILLI FRISCHAUER.**

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, M.P.
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Very regretfully, I find your plans for educational reform incomplete and inchoate.

They are welcome as tokens of greater changes to come. But I am disappointed at their piecemeal nature.

By themselves, they cannot possibly meet the demand for real equality of opportunity for all bright children.

The number of free places in public schools will allow the entry only of a handful of poorer children.

It is a pity you cannot report better progress with regard to apprenticeship, vocational training, and the examination system for secondary schools.

Other questions I have raised in the past remain unanswered; I can but hope you will press on with the utmost speed towards a complete and drastic reform of a service that has long been unfair, obsolete, class-ridden and uneconomical. —JOHN BULL.

Rev. T. COCKER BROWN,
London Missionary Society

REVEREND SIR,—I regard your views as mischievous and preposterous.

You are more afraid of China than of Japan. The Japanese have "all sorts of fine qualities" you admire, even though you admit they have committed one of the foulest crimes in history.

And you suggest that China might become the world's worst blackguard!

Chinese civilisation has been of inestimable value to the whole world. The Chinese do not seek conquest. For five years they have held the Japanese at bay, thereby saving the Western nations.

They proved staunch friends and sincere allies even when, for the sake of rotten diplomacy, we snubbed and betrayed them.

I advise you to learn a little of recent events, and to temper your future lectures with a little discretion.

Not because your bunkum would outrage our Chinese friends, but because it shames your fellow-countrymen! —JOHN BULL.

Mr. JACK TANNER,
Amalgamated Engineering Union

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Your speech reminded me of much that I have said myself.

A demand for the opening of the Western Front.

A slashing attack on the Government for allowing vested interests to blackmail the nation in its hour of peril.

And an urgent appeal to workers to speed up production and stop carping criticism.

I am glad you support the admission of women into your union. No longer can they be treated as intruders into industry, for without their skill and hard toil our war effort would be paralysed.

Finally, I agree that the setting up of factory production committees should have an enormous and healthy effect.

At last the workers have their chance of taking a share in the responsibility for industry. I don't think they'll be found wanting.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, M.P.,
Shellys, Knockholt, Kent

SIR,—The Minister of Information is angry with you. So, I imagine, is every other intelligent Briton.

Mr. Bracken thinks it "a great pity that the House of Commons should be used as a sounding board for a mean campaign against decent Germans who left their country because of their opposition to Hitler, and who are playing a most worthy part in the war effort."

A great pity? I consider it a great disgrace.

You rail against absentee miners.

You insist that we should all become miracle-working Christian gentlemen if we kept silent for a minute a day.

Above all, you attack those decent democratic Germans who are helping us to fight Nazi autocracy.

These lovers of freedom, who fled from persecution at home and have found refuge in Britain, will continue to be treated as loyal to our cause, however many questions you like to ask about them.

Some of the Germans aiding us to fight tyranny are among the world's greatest experts in their particular subjects.

The British Government has more sense than to hound them down.

Their less-distinguished countrymen, in exile here, are no less honourable.

The British people care too much for justice to subject them to insult and indignity.

So you are wasting Parliament's time and the public's temper.

Stop it before you bring a hornet's nest about your ears!—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—I have heard four different explanations of the disappearance of fresh salmon from the shops during the last few weeks.

I can add a fifth—and I think it's the right one:

Salmon has disappeared because you controlled its price three weeks ago!

If you can now stop the vanishing trick as effectively as you stopped the profiteering, all Britain will acclaim you as a wizard.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. E. N. LOVETT,
Bishop of Salisbury

DEAR BISHOP,—"A disgrace . . . a scandal of the Church . . . totally against the spirit of Christianity."

That was strong language for a bishop.

But it was justified, for you were discussing the fantastic system of "patronage," whereby a landowner can appoint a clergyman of his own choice to the church he owns.

So an atheist, a crank, or a group of speculators in London can foist upon a village in Dorset or Cumberland a parson the villagers don't want.

This relic of feudalism should have been scrapped centuries ago. But the Church leaders who are rightly interested in building a better Britain seem to have forgotten it.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. WILLIAM VERO,
Royal Army Service Corps

DEAR COLONEL,—So you've had to pay £5 13s. costs for food offences. It sounds bad that a senior officer should be caught out; yet I think your men will like you all the more because of it.

Let me tell my readers that you broke the regulations, quite innocently, by buying jam on a wholesale basis to distribute it to married troops so that their evacuated wives should not go short of supplies.

And I think all my readers will feel, as I do, that you must be a darned good sort.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. W. STEPHENSON,
Builders' T.U. Leader

DEAR SIR,—You're right. There will be a demand for mass-produced, hastily erected houses after the war, and unless we're careful the jerry-builder will amass fortunes and new slums will arise like mushrooms at night.

That is why I insist that the Government's reconstruction schemes should be broadly drawn up *now*.

First and foremost, a central planning authority should be established to zone the whole country and prevent the chaotic land speculation that followed the last war.—JOHN BULL.

Major G. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
Minister of Fuel

DEAR SIR,—I make no protest at your wholesale restriction of motor coach services. After all, petrol must be saved.

But what about the private hire firms whose cars carry wealthy idlers to the shops, dances and theatres?

I hope you haven't forgotten them.—JOHN BULL.

We're Getting Food Stupid

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

FOOD to-day rates as the most popular topic of conversation after that of winning the war. Rationing has made us food conscious, and, inevitably, food stupid.

It's vitamin this and vitamin that. People talk of balanced diets, calories, proteins. If they're a bit off colour they blame lack of fats or lack of lean meat, lack of fresh vegetables or lack of fruit.

Before the war they wouldn't have worried a tuppenny rap. They'd have got on with their jobs and let the body right itself.

* * *

To know about food you've got to know the men who produce it. You needn't study the vitamin content of orange juice or the protein value of split peas. Nor need you even worry about diet so long as you eat sensibly.

I had a long talk the other evening with a man whose life has been devoted to the production of food—a man who can tell you at a glance how many sheep per acre can be grazed on a certain type of pasture, or can assess the worth of arable land for wheat growing.

He's modern in his ideas of food production, but he has little time for the vitamin school. He thinks that consumers of food—people like you and me—take too much for granted when they sit down to a meal. They never consider the labour, effort and struggle that go on on the first line of the war front—the food production line.

Our talk developed into a discussion on food fads. I had cited the need for fruit for children, especially oranges.

"Go back in your mind," said the scientific farmer. "Did *you* have fresh oranges every day? Did *you* eat bananas? Did *your* mother worry about vitamins and such things?"

* * *

The answer to each question was "No." Oranges were novelties, associated with chilly Christmas mornings and shining, rosy apples. Bananas were rare. The cult of the banana was in its infancy

I suppose I just ate what the good God sent. Not rich food, but sensible (a loathsome word but justified here) food. I came to no harm. And not all the scientific jargon in the world could have convinced my mother that our food was ill-balanced or deficient in nourishment.

Even to-day there are people who "sicken" at the sight of a noble band of fat on a sirloin; or who refuse to have bacon unless it's 95 per cent. lean.

Then, having eaten the lean beef or the lean bacon, they take capsules or pills to make up fat deficiencies!

* * *

There are people who prefer tinned vegetables to fresh ones. Laziness, not taste, is probably the reason for this. There are people afraid to eat potatoes—they're too fattening.

And in starving Europe are millions of undernourished and hungry children whose mouths would water at the sight of a dish of plain boiled potatoes and whose little eyes would shine in a sort of dazed surprise if a piece of fat meat were served them.

Hunger, to-day as in every age, is the best sauce. Worry about vitamins and proteins only upsets the digestive processes.

And to add self-made worries to the greater worries now besetting the world is just plain stupidity.

22 Tons of Flying Metal Raced at Him!

Knights of the Skies

A famous racing pilot, using a pen-name because of his present duties, tells the inside story of another immortal rescue by air.

By MICHAEL CLOUD

The Fortress, a great four-engined monster, was handled by a man who had never flown a 'plane before

NOW it can be told—the tale of the last airbus from Java, as the Japs poured in shooting everything that moved.

Flying Fortresses were operating from Java, blowing up every enemy attempt to advance to Bandoeng. At first, they were escorted by fighters. Presently, every Allied fighter was destroyed by ten to one odds of Jap Navy's O's.

The bombers tried to carry on alone, with swarms of O's making rings round them and shooting the insides out of them.

Still the Fortresses held on, till a certain vital operation was ended. Then four—all that remained—returned to Bandoeng. They limped home, ragged, with fallen undercarriages, torn ailerons, dead men aboard, and tried to land, some on their bellies. . . .

All were smashed up in landing.

None of the pilots could fly again. Most were dead, the rest gravely injured. Sgt. Harry Hayes and Capt. Gerald Cherymisin were not flying men.

Bombers in Bits

But they were *MEN*.

Of those who stayed for those final operations of the U.S. Army Air Force, these two were the only men of the bomber crews still uninjured. But the four bombers were lying around in bits; the Japs had bombed the airfield full of huge craters; and there were still women and children to be got away.

On the horizon, steadily coming nearer, enemy artillery growled and shuddered and flickered. Incensed by the fierce defence of Java, the Jap soldiers were killing-mad.

Hayes took charge.

He went round and talked, to Dutchmen, Malays, Javanese, Britishers, old women, young girls, men, children. Then, with the queerest labour gang ever seen, he marched on to the airfield, still in receipt of bombs from any Jap aircraft passing by.

First, they collected a huge heap of spares from the worse damaged bombers. Then they scientifically burned the wrecks, except for one Fortress they meant to rebuild.

Incredible things were done. Little children worked all night. Hayes himself did not sleep for fifty hours. And then one of the Fortresses stood ready to fly.

Before he could take it up to test, a Jap bomber droned in overhead, came low, saw an Allied machine standing by itself, and, diving to 100 ft. above the ruined runway, very neatly put a small bomb into the Fortress's fuselage, blowing part of it to bits.

A Jap's Mistake

Then it went away—and that was a mistake, for Hayes was still alive.

He began again. Hollow-eyed, unshaven, glaring, he started afresh.

There were no spare parts from other aircraft to use this time; they had burned them all to prevent the Japs getting them.

So Hayes went striding to the Bandoeng railway shops, commandeered a lot of bits of metal, had some welding done, picked up fragments from all over the place, and built a patchwork aeroplane that Death himself might have feared to fly.

While he was fitting an engine part that afternoon, more bombers were heard, coming nearer and nearer.

Hayes straightened his back, a big wrench in his hand. He raved. From lack of sleep and food, he was almost delirious.

The bombers flew over, and from them dropped scores of black spots—that almost instantly showed themselves as parachutists, each swinging on his paper Japanese parachute.

They drifted through the sky like pretty petals from a giant flower, some red, some blue, most of them white, and the majority landed somewhere in Bandoeng city.

But a score or more, swinging violently to follow an officer on a red parachute who had seen the Fortress bomber and skillfully directed his parachute that way, dropped on the edge of the airfield.

Hayes and Cherymisin and some bearded Dutchmen ran at them. Shots crackled; bullets sang.

Then Hayes got among the parachutists with his big steel wrench. They were trying to get out of their harness, and a breeze was dragging at them.

Among the rattle of shots, there were softer cracks like eggs smashing. Presently the parachutes were dragging here and there aimlessly, and Hayes was going feverishly back to his Fortress, swinging a wrench that dripped and dripped.

His only concern was to have the bodies pulled clear of the runway they had repaired, where girls with blistered hands were still filling the bomb-craters and pulling aside girders and other debris.

Savage Dutchmen

He went again into the town of Bandoeng, part of which was held by Jap parachutists, while the main Japanese tank and infantry column was already advancing cautiously five miles away, scythed down by the machine-guns of savage Dutchmen behind smashed hedges.

He collected some old items.

A schoolchild's toy compass. Some motor-car instruments. A gramophone and a few records.

He went back to the airfield. While he fitted some of the instruments, the gramophone ground out ceaselessly a record, very old, but new to Java: "We'll hang up the washing on the Siegfried Line," played by a Dutch orchestra, sung by a famous Dutch tenor, and recorded before Holland was invaded.

The music kept the children from hearing the worst of the bombardment of Bandoeng.

At last the Fortress was ready for the air.

Hayes and Cherymisin got in, and started up the engines. Two engines refused to budge.

Now, recall, these two men were not pilots. Hayes was a fine mechanic, and both had flown in Fortresses many times, but they had not handled the 100-odd dials, lights, switches and levers which control these 22-ton, 300-m.p.h. monsters.

They got out, climbed along the wing, and worked over the dud engines all through that night. They used hand torches, held by patient Javanese.

At the crack of dawn, the main Japanese assault on Bandoeng commenced. The Dutch troops had already retired into the hills; only a few death-or-glory men remained to delay the invaders.

As the artillery rolled like thunder and Japanese aircraft hummed overhead, while the sky was beginning to stain with the faintest light and the earth seemed blacker than at midnight, the Fortress took off.

There were eighteen refugees aboard, including some injured men, ten women, and a crowd of children crammed into the bomb-racks.

It was deadly dark on the cratered aerodrome, and any display of lights would have brought down a rain of heavy bombs. So a Javanese volunteered to stand at the end of the runway with a lighted lantern, shaded over the top.

Think of it, you who read sitting in an armchair; this man, whose name is not known, offered to stand there with twenty-two tons of flying metal racing straight at him, and guide it up.

The runway was known to be too short for the Fortress's take-off run, because craters at the end were too huge to fill up in the time available. No one knows whether the Javanese was killed by the hurtling bomber as it rose.

Without him, it could never have got off the earth.

No glim-lamps, no flares, no leading-lights; just a man with a lantern ready to give his life for others.

The Fortress was still a wreck. She had no flaps, no radio, no airspeed indicator, no oil or gas pressure gauges, no charts. She had not one single navigation instrument. For that matter, she had no navigator, and no one aboard who knew how to find his way in the air.

Hayes pushed the engine revs. up to 2,700, 200 above the absolute maximum for safety, in order to lift the huge aircraft off the shortened runway before she went tail-over-nose in a crater. He jammed the manifold pressure to 50; the danger-line is 46.

Burning in the Dawn

The Fortress, damaged and patched, became airborne in 2,600 ft.; an incredible run which experienced pilots can hardly believe.

Bandoeng was burning beneath in the dawn. Jap aircraft were seen here and there.

Hayes, who had never flown an aeroplane in his life before, managed the four-engined monster. Without maps, using a kiddie's compass, he flew 1,300 miles over sea to Australia, and landed without flaps, safely.

They say Hayes slept for 57 hours after landing, and then awoke hardly any the worse for wear.

Next week: Another Stirring Tale.

U-BOATS LOSING THEIR "EYES"

SPIES have played a bigger part in Hitler's U-boat warfare than most people realise.

It is no accident that Dr. Hans Thomsen was German Chargé d'Affaires in Washington. He was a naval officer in the last war, employed at Marine Intelligence H.Q. in Hamburg first and later at Oslo, then a neutral capital and a key-observation post for German naval spies.

Thomsen boasted that he had planted a Nazi naval spy in every port of the world, and the successful operations of German U-boats off the American coast may still be the result of his work.

* * *

But one by one the Nazi nests are being cleared, and the war against U-boats is being conducted not only on the high seas but where it hurts them most—a campaign against their indispensable assistants, the agents and spies who direct them to their targets.

As more countries—particularly on the other side of the Atlantic—join in the war against the U-boat murderers there is moaning and whining at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, at Hamburg and Augsburg, where the heads of German naval espionage have their hide-outs.

Men like Admiral Canaris, the Nazi Espionage Chief, his assistant, Dr. Pfeiffer, the German War Office representatives on his staff, Udo von Bonim and Herman Menzel, know that they are being beaten.

* * *

They had great hopes and great plans. A net of their agents would be planted not only in neutral countries, but even right in the heart of Britain and America.

Nazi naval intelligence provided for spies to be dropped by parachute. They organised a U-boat service with the special task of landing spies from rubber dinghies in lonely coastal areas.

Most of the elaborate scheme went wrong, though.

British military and naval authorities realised that the U-boat war began at home. They have succeeded in impressing on the British public the need for greatest secrecy about every aspect of shipping affairs.

They hounded the would-be spies out of the country long before the war started. They quickly rounded up the handful that remained; they are keeping watch night and day to prevent "new arrivals."

But while we were fighting alone some of the most active agents had a clear field, and there is no doubt that many of the U-boats' past successes have been due to espionage.

Yet only one case, relating to an incident shortly after the outbreak of war, has been mentioned, yet never confirmed.

* * *

American reports insist that the sinking of the *Royal Oak* at Scapa Flow by a U-boat was prepared by a Nazi agent, a German naval officer who posed as a Swiss watchmaker and reported details of the anti-submarine devices of the great base.

I doubt whether the story is true.

Anyway, Nazi naval espionage is on the decline. American bacon on our breakfast table, thousands of American troops in Britain—they came without the loss of a single man—are the best proof that the Allies have their finger on the vital spot of Hitler's ruthless U-boat warfare.

They have his U-boat spies and agents taped.

WHAT NOW IN THE PACIFIC?

A shadow has fallen over the face of the Rising Sun. It is the shadow of mighty things to come. However cautiously we may balance the magnitude of the American claims, the War in the Pacific is no longer a rout

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE day of treachery and lightning conquests is over. The battles of the Coral Sea and Midway Island have done for Tojo what the Battle of Britain did for Hitler.

They have stopped the rot. They have changed the balance of sea power. They have upset his plan of campaign.

Take the visible consequences in detail. First sea power. It was the supremacy of Japan in this field that was the key to her astonishing successes in the first three months of the war.

That supremacy is now seriously challenged. So responsible a commentator as Raymond Gram Swing has expressed the view that "the backbone of the Japanese sea power is broken," and Admiral King and Admiral Nimitz have spoken with almost equal assurance.

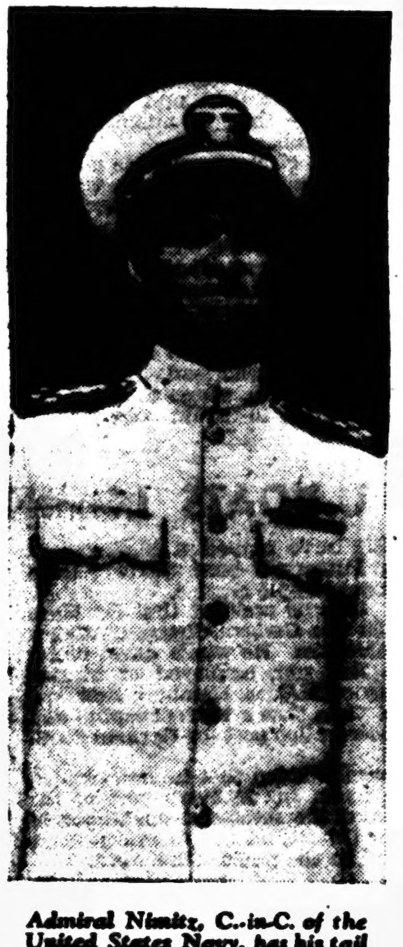
Without accepting these estimates to the full, it may be said with confidence that Pearl Harbour has been avenged, that the naval power of the United Nations in the Pacific is now not unequal to that of Japan, and that with the superior productive power of America it will soon be in the ascendant.

* * *

No less encouraging is the impressive demonstration of America's air power, especially in naval warfare.

All her successes at sea have been mainly due to the air arm, and in the reconquest of the Pacific that arm is destined to play a decisive part.

For this reason the destruction of so large a proportion of the Japanese air-craft carriers is of cardinal importance.



Admiral Nimitz, C.-in-C. of the United States Navy, has his tail up, and it will stay up until Japan is smashed

Japan cannot replace them with anything like the speed with which the United States can build them.

BUT IT IS IN THE SPHERE OF GRAND STRATEGY THAT TOJO HAS SUFFERED HIS HEAVIEST BLOW. IT WAS ESSENTIAL TO THAT STRATEGY THAT HE SHOULD ESTABLISH HIMSELF IN AUSTRALIA BEFORE AMERICA COULD GET THERE EFFECTIVELY.

With Australia occupied by Japan, the United Nations would be without a naval or air base from which to deliver a counter stroke.

The whole South Pacific would be Tojo's freehold, and he could launch out to the Indian Ocean without danger from sea or air.

He has lost the race. America is on the spot. Invasion may still be attempted, but its defeat should now be assured.

This fact, together with the heavy reverse off Midway Island and our occupation of Madagascar, has compelled Tojo to change his strategy.

His aim had been to sweep into the Indian Ocean, threaten India and Africa from the sea and to establish contact with his Axis partner in the Middle East, assuming that his Axis partner could batter his way through the Caucasus to meet him.

But with American sea and air power threatening his left flank from Australia and with the disaster off Midway Island warning him of the dangers nearer home he has had to take in sail.

The menace to India from the sea has petered out. Admiral Somerville's fleet is in undisputed possession of the Bay of Bengal, and Tojo's strategy has shrunk to the renewal of his attack on China.

Apart from the failure of his grand strategy, there is an urgent reason for this diversion. It is connected with the revelation of American air power.

The bombing of Tokyo and other Japanese cities by American planes which afterwards went on to China created grave panic in Japan.

Her paper cities are not built to withstand a rain of incendiary bombs from the air and the fear of such an attack is no doubt one of the reasons why Tojo has disappointed Hitler by not making war on Russia.

But if American planes can fly from Tokyo to China they can fly also from China to Tokyo. Tojo's object in his new assault on China is to capture all the air bases far into the interior from whence air raids on Japan could be made.

* * *

This object must be resisted with all the available help at our command. No nation has played so heroic a part in this struggle as China. No nation has suffered so much or been so cruelly deserted.

Had it been realised long ago, as it should have been, that China was the strategic key of the Far East, the fiends of Japan would never have had their walk-over in the Pacific.

Their insane ambitions would have perished on the soil of this brave people.

Now, with the Burma Road closed to them, it is impossible to give them the material aid they need.

BUT THE AIR IS FREE. IN THAT ELEMENT WE CAN STILL MAKE CHINA FORMIDABLE. GIVE HER HEROIC MILLIONS MASTERY OF THE SKY AND CHINA WILL YET BE THE GRAVE OF HER BESTIAL FOE.

The more Japan can be sucked back into the morass of China the less able will she be to meet the blows by sea, air and land which await her from the Aleutian islands to the Southern Pacific as the United Nations gather their might.

Tojo, in his hour of treacherous triumph, spread his commitments far and wide.

Now that the lightnings begin to play about his home waters he will find that he has bitten off more than he can chew and digest.

His thousands of miles of communications will not be a strength, but a weakness.

He will discover that enduring world empires are not built in three months by a smash-and-grab raid, however carefully planned and Satanically executed.

* * *

There is one person who will watch his new strategy with dissatisfaction. It is his Axis partner.

When Hitler brought America into the war on our side he expected that Japan would more than balance his loss.

Two things would happen. America would have her hands too full in the Pacific to fling her weight into the Western war. And Tojo, in threatening Stalin with war on two fronts, would help to deliver him from his fatal Russian gamble.

Neither expectation has been fulfilled. America has not only taken on the main burden of the war in the Pacific, but has become a full partner in the Western war by sea, land and air.

Japan has done nothing specifically for Hitler. She has fought, as always, for her own hand and her own hand alone.

She has so far been careful to keep her hands off Russia. She has feathered her own nest, and at the first hint of danger near home has resumed her attack on China, in which Hitler has no interest and from which he can derive no benefit.

* * *

Worst of all, Tojo seems to have called off the drive into the Indian Ocean which was to bring the junction of the two limbs of the Axis within the range of possibility.

It is Hitler's handicap that, while the United Nations can act in full co-operation, Germany and Japan have a hostile ocean and continent between them. Neither can help the other directly.

Hitler's hope that this handicap would be lifted has been knocked on the head by events in the Pacific and Tojo's reaction to them.

If I read that gangster's mind right, he is much more concerned to insure himself against the defeat of Hitler than to take risks on his behalf.

If he springs a mine against us, he will do it to serve Japan, not Germany.

After all, the Germans are a part of that white race which he hates and has sworn to drive out of the Eastern world.

IT MAY WELL PROVE THAT THE MOST FATAL OF ALL HITLER'S MISCALCULATIONS WAS WHEN HE GAMBLED TO BRING JAPAN INTO THE WAR ON HIS SIDE AT THE COST OF BRINGING AMERICA INTO THE WAR AGAINST HIM.

Meet the Man who will Out-rat Laval

BURLY, bespectacled Jacques Doriot, fortyish, new Nazi favourite for the job of French Quisling No. 1, became the rat he is in an odd way when he was a young man.

No doubt, the streak was always there, but it is funny to think that he would perhaps have been shot as a hostage by a German firing squad, like many of his former fellow Communist leaders, if it had not been for this incident in his early twenties shortly after the last war.

Doriot, then a young engineer in St. Denis, in the "Red Belt" of Paris, became a leader of the Communist Youth. Known as "The Doriot Boys," they became notorious for their toughness, and they were constantly active in the strikes, demonstrations and riots in the "Red Belt" after the last war.

* * *

One evening in 1921, they clashed with the equally tough Central Brigade of the Paris police. Doriot was in the front line of the pitched battle.

A policeman, kicked in the stomach, was rushed to hospital, while Doriot, fiercely resisting, was arrested with others and taken to police headquarters.

He was still being questioned when news came that the policeman had died.

* * *

The head of the Political Police Department acted quickly and cunningly. He decided to accuse Doriot of killing the policeman.

"Your case is clear," he rapped at the young Communist. "We have at least half a dozen witnesses who'll give evidence against you. It's manslaughter. That means five years at least."

Then, in a softer, more fawning voice: "It's a pity . . . such a talented young man like you, with a brilliant political career open to you. Surely at the next elections you would have been elected Deputy for St. Denis—instead, you will sit in jail."

The Police Chief paused. Then, slowly, deliberately: "It depends on me—or rather you. You can walk out, free, if you render us a slight service—just answer questions from time to time about your Party."

Jacques Doriot left the Prefecture of Police two minutes later a free man and *yet a prisoner for life.*

The secret was well kept for nearly fifteen years. Doriot became, it seemed, the fiercest among the French Communist leaders. The workers trusted him—and all the time he was selling their secrets to the police.

When Fascism showed its head in France, this loathesome hypocrite turned almost overnight into the most violent opponent of Bolshevism.

From there it was a short step to Abetz, the Nazi organiser of the Fifth Column in France and its Gestapo agents. They gave Doriot the money to launch a new Fascist party.

* * *

Two years before the war, he became the most ruthless and unscrupulous of the French defeatists and Fifth Columnists. He may now become French Premier by the grace of Hitler!

VICTOR SCHIFF.

ACIFIC?

Neither expectation has been fulfilled. America has not only taken on the main burden of the war in the Pacific, but has become a full partner in the Western war by sea, land and air.

Japan has done nothing specifically for Hitler. She has fought, as always, for her own hand and her own hand alone.

She has so far been careful to keep her hands off Russia. She has feathered her own nest, and at the first hint of danger near home has resumed her attack on China, in which Hitler has no interest and from which he can derive no benefit.

* * *

Worst of all, Tojo seems to have called off the drive into the Indian Ocean which was to bring the junction of the two limbs of the Axis within the range of possibility.

It is Hitler's handicap that, while the United Nations can act in full co-operation, Germany and Japan have a hostile ocean and continent between them. Neither can help the other directly.

Hitler's hope that this handicap would be lifted has been knocked on the head by events in the Pacific and Tojo's reaction to them.

If I read that gangster's mind right, he is much more concerned to insure himself against the defeat of Hitler than to take risks on his behalf.

If he springs a mine against us, he will do it to serve Japan, not Germany.

After all, the Germans are a part of that white race which he hates and has sworn to drive out of the Eastern world.

IT MAY WELL PROVE THAT THE MOST FATAL OF ALL HITLER'S MISCALCULATIONS WAS WHEN HE GAMBLED TO BRING JAPAN INTO THE WAR ON HIS SIDE AT THE COST OF BRINGING AMERICA INTO THE WAR AGAINST HIM.

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VICTOR SCHIFF.

★ Now and then odd scraps of news reach the world outside the Nazi Terror Belt about the almost incredible fight still being waged by Jugoslavia's guerilla army. The man who leads it is even more incredible—probably the biggest surprise Hitler has yet encountered

He Smiles While Hitler Rages

By GEORGE EDINGER

IN the comprehensive sweep of the German Grand Strategy, that twice in our lifetime has calculated and planned within a hair's-breadth of Victory and World Power, there is a factor for which it does not allow: Personality.

In 1914 there was one in the West, a Belgian named Leman. He held up the German army at Liége; not for long, but long enough to dislocate the entire timetable of the Imperial Staff.

And now a Personality has sprung up in the East. His name is Draha Mihailovitch and he is a Serb.

It is more than a year since Germany planned the South-east march that was to turn the Russian flank and open a royal road past Caucasian and Persian oil-wells to the Indian Border and advancing Japan.

Just 48 Hours!

The timetable assumed perfect compliance from a carefully encircled Jugoslavia directed by a Quisling Government.

Hitler allowed just so long for Jugoslavia as it would take his army to move from Belgrade to Constantinople, which is 48 hours.

Jugoslavia is still fighting so effectively under Draha Mihailovitch that a German who can pass from Belgrade to Constantinople in twelve days reckons himself lucky that he got through at all, alive!

In that year not more than six towns in the Serb country has not, at one time or other, been in the hands of Mihailovitch and the Patriot army. And all Jugoslavia, which stretches across two-thirds of the Balkan Peninsula, has been kept at such a pitch of uncertainty that its strategic and economic value to the Axis has been completely nullified.

This amazing army is a movable institution. It shifts across the kingdom. It splits into an indefinite number of parts. It comes together again.

The Military Genius who directs these forces and holds the post of War Minister in the Government of King Peter, temporarily established in Britain, is the forty-nine-year-old son of a secondary schoolmaster. He looks more like a schoolmaster than a soldier himself.

Tall and slight, spare, clean shaven, wearing large and rather owlish horn-rimmed spectacles, Draha Mihailovitch impresses you as an ascetic with latent powers of fanaticism.

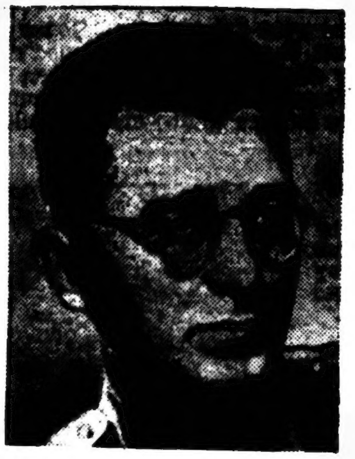
He has a violent temper. He does not mind what he says, or to whom. He was always in the black books of his superiors—and has always attracted the unreasoning devotion of his men.

In Black Books

In the Balkan War of 1912, which broke out while he was still at the cadet school, he was twice decorated for valour.

When the combined weight of the Central Powers bore down Serb resistance in 1915, Lieutenant Mihailovitch trekked across the Albanian Mountains to the sea with the retreating remnants of the Serb army and people led by their King.

British ships, waiting off Albania, shipped them to Corfu, where the army was re-equipped before being landed at Salonika.



Mihailovitch—to look at is the last man you would take for a General of superlative brilliance

It was there Mihailovitch helped to form the first all-Jugoslav Division ever raised.

Mihailovitch led a band by night over the Vardar river and penetrated fifteen miles deep behind the German lines. He cut road and rail lines to their base and was wondering how to get back again when the collapse of the Central Empires in the autumn of 1918 solved his worries.

He Shocked Them

When there were rumblings of another war he shocked superiors and contemporaries by maintaining that his country's plan of defence was all wrong.

Jugoslavia, he said, could never hope to defend a frontier as long as Russia's against a mechanised army.

Her only chance was to withdraw her armies into the mountain spine that runs over the country from north to south, and, by regular sorties from this tangled fastness, cut off the Panzers after they had gone by.

When he said this too often and too publicly he was condemned to three weeks' detention.

Jugoslavia was half sold and completely surrounded when, at the last moment, she shook herself free of the Quislings and tried to withstand an attack from every quarter at once.

The united armies of Germany, Italy, Hungary, and Bulgaria closed in. The defence plan that Mihailovitch had attacked was not even tried.

The tide of invasion flowed on to Greece and Crete, but it did not flow quite regularly.

The flood on which Hitler counted became a series of erratic gushes. At incalculable intervals it choked down to a trickle.

Sometimes it stopped dead for days on end. Roads were dynamited, bridges tumbled down, convoys disappeared.

For, with a few battalions of brave Serbian Legionaires—called "Tchetniks" after their forbears in the National Wars of Liberation against the Sultans—Mihailovitch had drawn off into his beloved mountains.

Soon the fame of the guerilla army was carried throughout Jugoslavia. Men rallied from every corner of the kingdom.

Hitler's six weeks late attack on Russia was so costly that few German troops could be spared to deal with Mihailovitch.

By then the Quislings had been precariously propped in power.

Scared Prince

An "independent Croatia" had been set up, and it obediently invited an Italian Princeling to be its King. The Princeling accepted. But he has not dared to venture within a hundred miles of his kingdom.

One night the Quisling Government slunk ignominiously out of its capital to the mountain fortress of Jajce, whence they have issued a record number of decrees of which nobody has taken any notice.

The country was stiff with Italian troops, but their military value was negligible, so Hitler entrusted the subjection of Jugoslavia to her hereditary enemies, the Bulgars.

The quarrel of Serb and Bulgar is old and bitter, but it is a family quarrel between brother Slavs. Many Bulgars, driven to choose between Serbian enemies and their German masters, preferred to go over to the Serbs and damn the consequences.

Hungarians are by no means united on the desirability of fighting as Germany's vassals, and many answered a radio call to strike East and make their way as best they might to the army of General Mihailovitch.

Food by Air

Then Russian parachutists dropped with explosives and tinned foods. British and Australians who had been hidden by the Greeks and others, who had started off for Germany under guard, but had been freed by the Tchetniks when they attacked the convoy, came straggling in in lorries and on foot.

Now Draha Mihailovitch leads something that there has never been before—a National Army of the Balkan Peoples.

Maybe history has marked him down to foreshadow in this armed brotherhood of warriors a union of all the peoples at the East end of Europe, whose hatreds, artificially stimulated by Germany, have so long torn apart.

In 1918 he fought in a division of Jugoslav soldiers that foretold a United Jugoslavia.

A wider greatness may yet be foreshadowed for Draha Mihailovitch, the schoolmaster's son who quarrelled with all his teachers.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

BIG LIQUOR RACKET STILL GOING ON!

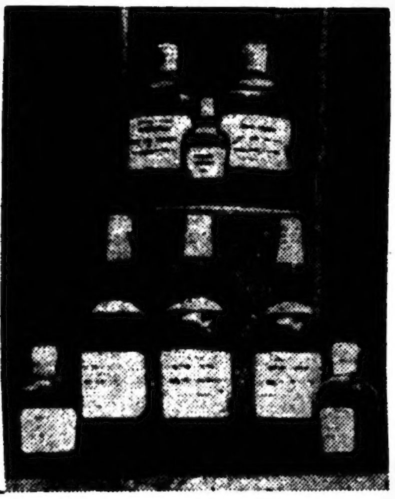
THE most barefaced profiteering is still going on in liquor and wine. By deliberately "cornering" certain brands, profiteers are cashing-in magnificently on what is fast becoming one of the worst rackets of the war.

Questions about their operations were asked in the House of Commons months ago. We learnt, as a result, that the Government "contemplated action shortly." So far, no really adequate steps have been taken.

True, there is a new Defence Regulation which, after June 30, forbids the issue of a Customs and Excise licence to anyone not well-established in the trade before 1939.

But the snag is that the men who are behind this racket obtained licences before this proof was necessary.

Thus, small syndicates, headed by financiers seeking big money, are buying up all the liquor they can lay their hands on and reselling it at prices yielding huge profits.



Whisky, once offered in shop windows, is more and more being "cornered" by men who charge what they like

How it Works

In Mount Street, Mayfair, only a stone's throw from Hyde Park, there is a firm named Glazier and Sons, Ltd. Heavy type emphasises the fact that it was "Established 1760."

Looking at the impressive letter headings of the present-day Glazier company one might well believe, from the way the words "Established 1760" stand out, that it is a fine, historic old firm. It is nothing of the kind.

It was originally established nearly 200 years ago, but went out of business many years later and only passed into its present control less than ten years ago, when it was resuscitated by a man named Arthur Collins, of Canterbury Mansions, Kilburn, London, upon payment of small fees.

Time and again I have condemned the ridiculous law which enables anyone to go to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies and, for a mere song, revive a dormant concern and trade in its good name without let or hindrance!

Exorbitant Prices

Reborn in this way, Glazier and Sons is nowadays actively engaged in the Liquor Racket. No doubt the "Established 1760" heading helps them considerably!

Letters, signed by "A. Collins, Director," have lately been sent all over the kingdom offering wines, rum and whisky at the most exorbitant prices.

"Guadeloupe Fine Old Matured Rum, Produce of French West Indies," and "Martinique. Fine Old Matured Rum, Produce of French West Indies, 30 U.P.," are, for example, offered at 25s. a bottle—minimum order a dozen.

"Finest Quality Scotch Whisky," too, is offered at 32s. 6d. per bottle.

"If you wish us to reserve a few dozen bottles for you," writes Mr. Collins of Glazier and Sons, "please let us have your cheque by return."

I will dispose briefly with the rum prices quoted. Several experts in the Trade agree with me that they are absolutely prohibitive to any dealer anxious to make only a reasonable and honest return.

It is puzzling, too, how Glazier and Sons acquired its supplies, as there have been no landings for many moons.

With the prices quoted for whisky, however, I will not be so brief.

The Whisky Association (representative body of distilling companies) recently set the standard price to the public at 23s. a bottle. Of this, 15s. 0½d. goes to Inland Revenue, leaving a balance of 7s. 11½d. to be divided between the distillers and distributors.

Actually, retailers should be able to buy at 19s. 2d. a bottle, which means that the counter salesman makes a profit of 3s. 10d., while the publican gets that amount plus whatever additional profit he makes by selling its contents in "nips."

In properly drawn "nips," a publican can make a profit of 18s. 2d. on each bottle if he charges the average price of 1s. 2d. a "nip."

In fact, these prices permit of a higher profit to distillers and retailers than was the case pre-war.

But compare these figures with those quoted by the profiteering concern of Glazier and Sons. If it really belonged to and was recognised by the Trade, it would not be permitted to sell a bottle of whisky at more than 19s. 2d.

Instead, they ask 32s. 6d. a bottle—a profit of 13s. 4d. on each quick, direct sale!

Nor is that all. By delving into the company's official files, you find that it was not formed to deal in wines and spirits at all, but was registered to act as estate agents, land and house contractors, and valuers!

By obtaining a Customs and Excise licence for fifteen guineas, the people running this "Old-established" firm gained easy access to the ranks of liquor profiteers.

£30,000 in Few Months

Apart from their impudent liquor profiteering operations, there are others in the field whose activities should also engage the attention of the Board of Trade.

One, an ex-clothier, is known to have dealt in at least £30,000 of wines and spirits in the last few months, while another is an ex-sharepusher who employs his own agents to dispose of wines and spirits at fancy prices to clubs and hotels.

I recently heard of one financier who tried to gain control of a dormant distilling company in order to start up his own distilling plant!

Official action must be taken to stop *all* liquor rackets.

Last December it was announced that the Government had the question of price control under consideration.

The Whisky Association, desperately anxious to rid the Trade of every profiteering element, has promised the Government wholehearted support in any reasonable action it takes.

The Association has lately laid down a rule that any licensee charging more than 23s. a bottle for whisky shall have his normal supplies withdrawn. Nevertheless, cases are by no means rare in which publicans have refused to sell an unopened bottle under 30s. and even 34s.

Only One Way

Then, in the hope, they say, of "curbing" this racketeering, the Board of Trade has urged distillers to release more supplies. If the present scarcity is removed, its officials argue, price rackets will automatically disappear.

This is a very half-hearted way of dealing with a serious problem.

There is only one sensible solution.

Fix the prices of all wines and spirits without any further delay, and see to it by properly enforced regulations that they are adhered to by wholesalers and retailers alike.

Was That Man at Your Picnic?

DO you remember, in peace time summer days, the appeals not to spoil the beauty of the countryside by leaving picnic litter about?

It was just a matter of appearance then. Now it is vastly more important, because every piece of paper left behind is robbing war industry of valuable material.

Tragedy is that this waste is going on extensively.

Many people who have grown so splendidly careful not to waste a scrap of paper in their homes seem to forget all about salvage when they take a picnic meal in the country.

Offenders, of course, can be punished just as they can for throwing away their bus ticket or wasting salvage material in any other way.

But JOHN BULL is confident that this reminder will ensure that our readers, at all events, will gather up every scrap and put it safely in the nearest salvage bins. Better still, take it home and make sure by keeping it for the collectors along with bones, tins, any old rubber, or anything else likely to be useful for making the munitions that will blast the way to victory.

Letters on salvage waste problems are welcome. Send us the facts and we will see that justifiable complaints reach the proper authorities.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week the £1 1s. award goes to Mr. M. Clamp, William Street, Brighouse, Yorks, for interesting information.

Letters are invited on all matters calling for inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Closer Watch Will Drive Out Grafters

WAR has invariably provided scope for the unscrupulous contractor and the dishonest Government official, and to-day the grafters have unlimited opportunities for exploiting the nation's needs.

Recently, at Liverpool Assizes, Justice Stable, in dealing with a case which involved many persons, condemned "a system of graft and corruption of which every citizen in Liverpool and Lancashire should be ashamed."

"I hope," he added, "that the heads of commercial concerns will see that the position is overhauled and that this evil thing is cut out from commercial life."

Inadequate Penalties

In this case, timber intended for ships had been diverted to private jobs, but the cost had been charged up to Admiralty contracts!

The offenders were sent to prison for moderate terms, but many would have advocated much more drastic penalties.

Another strong protest against graft was made recently by Dr. David, Bishop of Liverpool, who alleged that "men in a big way of business, some of them leaders in public life, had been abusing public confidence in the perpetration of reckless frauds."

To visit the dockyard towns and the munition-making areas is to hear endless reports of bribery and corruption.

An Army contractor who gave large sums in bribes to men and officers in the Forces was recently sent to prison, but many of those who accepted bribes escaped justice.

In a war-production factory frauds had been going on since early in 1940.

Shop clerks were working on an ingenious system of faking workmen's wage-sheets, so that they received more than they actually earned.

These surpluses of unearned wages were actually pooled weekly and shared out, and an auditor received a weekly payment for passing the faked wage-sheets.

In another factory engaged on war contracts payrolls were faked by having numbers of non-existent men shown on the wage-sheets.

The nation has been swindled of huge sums by means of payroll frauds alone.

Ministry of Food officials have been involved in frauds. Excessive payments have been made for foodstuffs alleged to have been destroyed in air raids.

A Woolwich Arsenal official has been convicted of receiving bribes from contractors.

A Board of Trade assessor has been found guilty of corruption.

Secret Profits

Directors of war contracting firms have been guilty of making secret profits at the nation's expense.

Ministry of Labour officials have accepted bribes from men who have been assisted in evading military service by means of false classification on official records.

Local government officials have made money by passing accounts for goods that have never been supplied.

Though there have been numerous convictions of war time grafters, far too many of them have escaped detection.

A much more rigorous drive will be necessary before the evil is effectively checked.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

A Legend of Truth

STORIES I tell you are true stories. They really happen. But, week after week, people write to me and ask if I am quite sure that what I say is true. As if, in this fantastically rich and varied world, there were any need to fabricate a story.

I assure you that every man on earth stands in the midst of ten thousand strange and wonderful tales —if only he had eyes to see them.

Sometimes, I suppose, it is necessary to lie. We all need to lie once in a while —or, at least, to tell a half-truth, which is even more dishonest than a plain lie.

Common courtesy, for instance, makes liars of us all . . . after an evening of intolerable boredom we thank our host for a wonderful time . . . or we say that we are pleased to have met somebody whom we are heartily glad to be rid of.

I am, I suppose, as much of a liar as most men; but I don't concoct these stories out of imagination and thin air, because I don't need to.

Now, for the nonce, I am going to tell you a story that contains a truth without being strictly true in itself. I find myself wanting to tell you this.

It is a Tartar legend. I believe that the poet Schiller made some kind of a moral ballad out of it, but that is neither here nor there.

A legend or a fable belongs to the world. It comes out of the thoughts, discoveries, loves, hates, joys, or agonies of a people. And somehow the Tartars evolved this little legend about Truth.

* * *

ONCE upon a time, in a fertile and beautiful kingdom of the East, there lived a prince who was heir to his father's kingdom. He was a strong and handsome youth of a thoughtful disposition, and while most of the gilded youth of his generation preferred to amuse themselves without considering where anything came from or where anything might lead, the Prince loved to inquire into the nature of things.

Now one day, as he sat listening to the argument of two old philosophers, he heard something that seemed to upset his peace of mind.

The first philosopher said: "It may be difficult to appreciate the scent of a rose in a charnel-house. Yet the evil smells do not destroy the sweetness of that rose—they only hide it. In spite of the carrion, the rose still gives out its fragrance."

The other replied: "And it may be difficult to smell a dead cat in a rose garden. Yet the sweetness does not destroy the evil odour—it only hides it. In spite of the ambient perfume, the dead cat still gives out its stench of carrion."

Who was right? Both were right. Which of the philosophers was the realist? Both were realists. And so the Prince came to wonder what Truth was.

"What is Truth?" he asked, and every man said something different.

He said: "Are you Truth?" In a low and sweet voice the veiled figure said, "Yes." "Let me see your face," said the Prince. "No," said Truth.

THEN, at last, collecting a band of staunch and eager comrades, the Prince left his father's kingdom and travelled all over the world in search of Truth.

Somebody said that Truth was to be found in Persia; so the Prince and his friends went to Persia, but Truth was not there.

A Persian said that Truth resided in China; so they went to China. A Chinese said that India was the abode of Truth; and an Indian sent them to Ceylon, and a Cingalese sent them to Greece, and a Greek sent them to Rome, and a Roman sent them to Syria, and a Syrian sent them to Finland, and a Finn sent them to Africa.

But they found Truth in none of these places. They found only what men believe to be the truth.

They found little that they had not learned already, and after many years of travelling had gained nothing.

And at last they came to the End of the World. There was a horrible wilderness of sand and stones. At the edge of this wilderness there sat a hermit, looking into space.

He greeted them courteously, and said: "What are you seeking?" The Prince replied: "Old man, we seek Truth."

The hermit calmly replied: "She has a palace over there . . . if you can get across the wilderness and through the sword-leafed jungle at the other side you will see, in a beautiful valley, a superb palace made of pure crystal. Truth lives there."

They thanked the old man and went on. The desert was horrible. Nothing lived in it except hideous insects which bit and stung, and if they had not brought a plentiful supply of water with them they would all have perished. But they were strong and tough, and they crossed to the other side.

And there stretched the jungle. The trees in it seemed to be intelligently alive. The leaves cut like swords. But the Prince and his friends, you must remember, were Tartars; and when a Tartar sets his mind on a thing it takes more than a sword-leafed jungle to stop him.

Bleeding, exhausted, their clothes in rags—almost at the end of their endurance—the Prince and his friends broke, at last, out of the jungle.

Before them lay a valley. It was covered with grass like bright green velvet and flowering shrubs.

The air was warm and perfumed and full of the song of birds—brilliant little birds like flying jewels, if you can imagine a jewel that can fly and at the same time give out sweet music.

JUST as the hermit had said, there was a glittering palace of pure crystal in the centre of the valley.

The men ran down with joyous shouts, and as they shouted a crowd of maidens, each one of superlative beauty, came running out to meet them, dancing, singing, and carrying sweets and fruit and cooling drinks.

"Who are you?" asked the Prince. They said: "We are the hand-maidens of the Goddess Truth."

"Where is your mistress?" asked the Prince.

"In the palace."

The Prince left his friends, who amused themselves with the hand-maidens and went into the palace to find Truth herself. He wandered through a maze of rooms, each more beautiful than the last.

And in the end he came to a small, dingy door which he opened. He found himself in a little dusty room full of shadows. There, standing in the centre of the floor, stood a veiled woman.

A garment, light yet impenetrable as mist, covered her from head to foot; but the Prince could see that underneath it was a form more beautiful than all the hand-maidens put together. He said: "Are you Truth?"

In a low and sweet voice the veiled figure said, "Yes."

"Let me see your face," said the Prince.

"No," said Truth.

But the Prince, in one bound, covered the distance that separated them, and, seizing the veil of Truth, he ripped it from top to bottom.

Truth stood naked before him. The Prince looked and uttered a loud cry. The face of Truth was unspeakably hideous.

"You are horribly ugly," he said.

"I am," said Truth.

"But I have sought you all over the world. I have given all my youth to finding you. And when I go home and tell people that I have looked upon the face of Truth . . . what am I to say?"

"Poor man, you must lie," said Truth.

Human Machine

ALL KEY MEN

In these days of great events the individual may be forgiven if he sometimes feels himself submerged, of little account, just someone who is best regarded and best liked in so far as he doesn't obtrude.

Yet to feel that way is to misunderstand the function of the individual. Whoever you are, wherever you are, whatever you are doing, you are a key man.

"But," you may reply, "I'm just a cog on the wheel. You're talking nonsense."

All right. Have you ever considered the nature and function of a cog? Not you—or you'd feel better about things than you do!

A cog may be a small thing. In itself it may, it is true, be not very noticeable, not very dramatic, not very outstanding.

But it's got to be perfect. It's got to be made of the best materials. It's got to be made with precision, made for its job, made to stand up to its job, made to do its job faithfully and well and without complaining. If not, it doesn't matter much how good the other cogs are. One bad one can let the whole wheel down. It can let the whole machine down.

Henry Ward Beecher put the idea the other way round and in a philosophical way: "He who is false to present duty," he wrote, "breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause."

He Might Have Been Like Me!

I HAVEN'T led a very spectacular life. My picture isn't always in the papers. People don't turn round and stare at me when I walk along the street.

And he might have been like me. . . .

I don't mean that life's been a dull affair with me. Anything but. But it's been made up of little things. Why, even this morning I dug up some of my bean row to see why all the beans hadn't come through. You can believe it or not, but that was an exciting business.

It started a long family discussion. We argued and argued, and the final verdict was that I was crazy.

It wasn't a thing that will ever get into the history books, but it was of great importance to me at the time.

I get fun out of things like that.

And he might have been like me.

* * *

"The best things in life are free," says the song. And without going quite so far as that I'd certainly say that the best things in life are the things which are possible to all of us, not just a few.

There is more real *fun* in catching a tadpole when you're five than in catching a tunny when you're fifty.

That's what I think. That's the sort of man *I* am.

And he might have been like me. . . .

Collecting faggots for the youngsters' bonfires on dead and gone Fifths of November. Finding a really jolly corner in a really jolly pub.

Getting excited about some small town election that didn't matter a straw. Booking seats for the pantomime. Changing my room round.

* * *

Riding in trains, and *simply dying* to pull that little £5 chain, and wondering how the steward *knew* it was my compartment he had to stop at when I pressed the bell

Commonplace little nothings like that make up my life. And it's great.

And he might have been like me. . . .

The Lord Mayor's Show. And Boat Race Night And the latest popular song Ordinary things, enjoyed with ordinary people. Fun. . .

And all the time he missed it.

He was too busy being *important*. He was too busy being photographed and being "Heiled" and having his face put on postage stamps.

Fun? He doesn't know it. Ordinary things, enjoyed with ordinary people? He's missed them all.

I for one don't envy him. Poor fool. He's on his way to sixty now.

He might have been like me. . . .

BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW.

WILL SCOTT.

A 1942 ADAM STILL DOUBTS EVE

By HUMANIST

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Is it the girl who pursues the man, or is it a mutual and almost irresistible life-force?

MANY marriages are a failure, according to Dean Swift, because girls think more about making nets than about making cages. In other words, they can catch a man but cannot keep him captive. To the twentieth-century way of looking at things the whole idea of being "caught" and "caged" is objectionable.

"My old grandfather was very cynical about love and marriage," *writes a reader.* **"He used to say that marriage was like a besieged fortress. Those who were out were fighting to get in, and those who were in wanted to get out!**

"If this is true, and judging from my friends it often is, there must be something seriously wrong, don't you think? It does make one hesitate about changing one's state.

"My grandfather also used to say that women went all out to capture a particular man. He dodged as long as he could, but he had to be exceptionally clever to escape altogether. When a young woman had finally grabbed him she began to wish he were someone else.

"It all sounds crazy enough. Sometimes I think the old man was right. At other times I feel he must have been wrong. It is a personal problem now. I am engaged to be married, but as the time draws near I have all sorts of apprehensions about the future. One hears so many cynical jokes about marriage that one is bound to hesitate before taking the step."

That old grandfather was not so original in his jibes. The same thing has been said many times in all parts of the world.

Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a long play about the subject. Whether men pursue women or women pursue men, they are all driven by an almost irresistible life-force which keeps the world going.

It is perfectly natural, and there is no cause to be cynical about it. People who are "free" crave for a feeling of security, but once they are secure they wish they had more freedom. There are compensations in both states, but one cannot have both in full at the same time.

WE human beings are always inclined to be illogical and to howl for what we haven't got.

"For years I have read your page," *says another reader,* **"and I vowed that if ever I wanted advice I should send to you. At last I am sending on behalf of a very dear friend—a widow with several children. You will find it a terrible tangle to unravel.**

"She is in love with a man who is neither married nor free. About fifteen years ago he married, but two years ago his wife left him and he hasn't seen her since. My friend wants to marry him but she does not know how she stands. You see, that first marriage was not genuine because his wife had a husband living. But she told him she was single and he married her in all innocence.

"If my friend takes a chance and marries this man, ought he to describe himself as a widower or a bachelor? He doesn't know what to say.

"There are other difficulties. He has registered and will have to go into the Army soon. How can he explain that he has a wife and family to support? The whole story will have to come out and he is afraid of the consequences. The same applies to his cards at the employment exchange. I shall be very grateful if you can say what he should do to sort things out."

The problem is not so tangled as the writer supposes. From a strictly legal point of view, the man is a bachelor and there is nothing to prevent his marrying a widow if he wants to. That first "marriage" was no marriage and can be wiped out. His former "wife" was guilty of bigamy and is liable to be punished for it, but as he was unaware of her having been married before, he need not be alarmed.

There is no difficulty about altering employment exchange cards or any other official documents. He has only to explain that he has married recently.

SEVERAL weeks ago I printed a letter complaining of the alleged rudeness of shopkeepers during these difficult times. The result was a number of letters from the shopkeepers themselves, thanking me for what I said, and telling the other side of the story.

When there is incivility, they say, it invariably starts on the public side of the counter. Some of the customers are selfish and utterly unreasonable. These "incidents" rankle and make the shopkeeper miserable for some time afterwards. The result is that he is inclined to be rather curt and brusque with the shoppers who follow after. The man is only human!

This rationing imposes a great deal of extra trouble. He does his best to be fair to all; and if he has not the goods in stock there is no point in abusing or criticising him.

"I wonder what Humanist would do in a case like this?" *wrote a grocer.* **"A customer came into my shop the other week carrying a basin containing a thoroughly bad egg. The smell was abominable. She demanded another egg in exchange, but as this is not possible to-day she flew into a rage and flung the rotten egg on the floor of my shop. Then she sailed out!**

"Can you be surprised if I was very angry? I had to get rid of the beastly stuff, but the stench seemed to last for hours afterwards."

What a filthy trick! And what an uncivilised woman! There ought to be some method of preventing that sort of behaviour. Perhaps some reader can suggest a remedy.

The Paymaster

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW: III. You've read how the Pay Corps has to handle guns as well as money—and, now, here's the story of the Cashier side of their job. It's a staggering organisation.

By MAURICE FAGENCE

EVERY now and then a British soldier suddenly erupts and sets out to wring the neck of his Regimental Paymaster.

This person he often imagines to be a prosperous-looking civilian who, with half a dozen other partners in crime, makes a fat living "diddling" the troops out of shillings.

I was told about a recent caller of this type when I visited one of the biggest pay offices in the country.

He was a hefty artilleryman, who had turned up not only with his own complaint, but those of a dozen pals as well.

His spirits cooled a bit when he found the "office" resembled a Guards' barracks, with a six-foot D.C.M.'d sentry at the gate and an armoured car inside.

And when he discovered that the men who kept his accounts were fully-trained infantrymen, some with stories to tell of the beaches of Dunkirk or of fighting their way out of Italian ambushes, he wanted to beat a one-man retreat.

But they had him now, and weren't going to let him go too lightly.

First, they investigated his complaint. He had the idea that he automatically qualified for proficiency pay after six months' service, but that somebody was stealing his money.

A Big Surprise

An old mistake this. They showed him it isn't automatic at all, that a soldier has to earn it.

Next, they investigated the other complaints that bulged his pockets and proved that they were ill-founded as well.

And then, having banished all thoughts of murder from his mind, they showed him round.

They showed him—as they showed me two days later, and as they are always showing soldiers who call with complaints—that far from being a blundering hit-or-miss affair, the Royal Army Pay Corps system of accounting has something akin to magic about it.

They took him, first, to a table where lists of men due to report in the near future for military service are received from the Ministry of Labour.

They explained the system employed to ensure that every wife will draw her first allowance at the post office on the very day her husband dons khaki.

Honest Wives

The Army took a gamble on this.

Women are instructed that should anything happen to prevent their men joining, they must not present their allowance books for payment.

But in a specimen 30,000 of these "on trust" cases it was found that only £25 of public money was thus wrongly applied for. That's how honest British people are.

From the moment the Ministry of Labour reports the name of a man who is joining-up his Army account is born—that of his wife, too, if he is married.

And it may be of some sentimental interest to record that those two accounts, although separate entities, are never apart, no matter how the man may be flung from one theatre of war to another.

And that, I think, is the most extraordinary feature of the Army accounting system.

Whatever money is drawn by that soldier or by his wife, or whatever happens to them concerning their financial status, no matter in what part of the world either might be, it is all recorded with meticulous accuracy on those two documents that lie side by side.

It doesn't sound a lot, but let us analyse it.

Let us give this couple a name—John Smith and wife.

John Smith goes to Libya. He does not travel as part of a unit. He might be the only artilleryman on the troopship, in a mix-up of twenty different regiments.

But Gunner John Smith gets cash for his needs throughout the journey, and the record of every transaction finds itself unerringly to his account.

Quick-fire Items

In Libya Gunner Smith is promoted, goes on leave to Cairo, gets into a scrape and forfeits pay, is demoted, and finally "chucks an absence," which means no money due while he is away.

In a day-by-day sequence all this news reaches his account-sheet, to be recorded side-by-side with news that hasn't reached John Smith yet—that his wife has presented him with a baby, which changes their accounts all over again.

And it doesn't end there.

If he is well-off, there is his income-tax to deal with. And if he isn't there may be the matter of special allowances in cases of hardship.

And by the time you've got it all adjusted John has been made a sergeant, with changes in the amount due to John *and* his wife.

And that brings me to the Royal Army Pay Corps' worst headache.

The airgraph system of sending soldiers' letters home quickly is a splendid innovation, but it brought the paymasters torrents of abuse.

SWAFFER'S

CAN POST-WAR PLOTS BE STOPPED?

● It is almost impossible to open a newspaper, nowadays, without reading of some big vested interest seeking to feather its nest after the war.

Already, the shipping magnates have been promised, by the Government, a return to private ownership of vessels now under national control.

Meanwhile, Steel and Coal and other big industries are bringing pressure in the hope of killing all the schemes of unification which must be an essential of peace-time planning.

Under the electoral truce, the public is helpless.

The only people who can act are the Labour men in the Cabinet.

SHALL WE SUFFER NEW SLUMS?

● "I foresee a demand for cheap, mass-produced, hastily-erected dwellings which would result in a new, awful Slumdom."

The words came from J. W. Stephenson, president of the Building Trade Operatives.

After the last war, the bricklayers and plasterers and joiners seemed quite content to get work on rushing up what soon became Slumdom.

To-day, a new vision of better homes, better streets and better towns has entered their minds.

But—what about the master builders? Some are enlightened. Others, though, denounce the planners as "cranks" and yearn to get busy building anything.

"Leave it to us," they say.

The men, as a mass, can now see further than many of the masters.

Here is a job for Lord Portal. Yet, as Minister of Works and Buildings, he has

as He Really Is

For instance, while John Smith would naturally let his wife know by airgraph that he had been promoted sergeant, the pay-office keeping his accounts wouldn't know till the actual records arrived by ship.

So Mrs. Smith, insisting week after week that her husband had been promoted, but unable to get more than the allowance for a private's wife from the Post Office, wrote to Somebody High Up about it.

And the poor Paymaster would get more kicks he didn't deserve.

Now the system is being changed. Records are being photographed like soldiers' letters and sent home by airgraph.

And that means less harassing waiting by Mrs. Smith and her like for the rewards of their husbands' good soldiering.

But to continue the story of John—there are many more things that could happen to him.

He might be reported "missing," in which case payments to his dependants go on until there is definite news.

Should the worst have happened, this responsibility is no longer that of the Royal Army Pay Corps.

But he will probably prove to be a prisoner-of-war, in which case his accounts will still snuggle up to those of his wife in some distant office.

Naturally, while his wife draws her money, he cannot draw his.

But there is a way in which he can ensure that his money is unfrozen for the benefit of his family, and he can do it without wasting one of his precious letters on the Paymaster.

He should include in his letter to his wife: "Ask the Paymaster to let you have £50 of my money," or "tell the Paymaster I want you to draw £1 a week of my cash."

Every soldier soon knows how important his pay book is—but he often has an entirely wrong idea of the people who look after it for him

Or, again: "Ask him to release so much of my money for the purchase of War Loan."

The wife should then send the letter to the Paymaster, who, having had it photographed, keeps the photograph as representing the man's authority, and returns the letter.

There's another very human side of the Paymaster's work.

I was shown all but the name and address on a cable to Libya.

Forgave by Cable

It asked that a certain soldier should be at once informed that his wife would make a home for him on his return and try to be a better woman—if only he would forgive.

And because forgiveness would probably mean more money for the woman, the Pay Office got a decision by cable.

Mothers often refuse to be helped by their soldier sons and then, through some sudden stroke of adversity, find they need their help after all. Again, off goes a cable.

Hundreds of these Humanity Cables pass every week between pay offices in this country and foreign stations—all in the interests of soldiers and their families.

But there's little praise for the Paymasters. They deserve far more.

I've had to concentrate on their work at home, in this article. But you'll find them in every theatre of war, all trained, armed soldiers sharing with the Army in general all the hazards of war.

BRAIN TRUST

little power. Here, too, is another job for Attlee, Bevin and Cripps—to get it for him. If a new Slumdom arises, blame them!

WHAT SHOULD WE BROADCAST ABROAD?

● The Brains Trust was asked, last week, what programmes would best suit American listeners. Not even Joad had an answer.

For one thing, I would let our fellow-workers in the States hear the miners' choirs of South Wales—yes, and the Yorkshire choirs.

Then I would dramatise, for overseas hearing the heroism of the dockers under the blitz, and stories of how the railwaymen carried on and the theatre people did their job.

We have kept too much of this to ourselves. We think it old.

To Americans, it is an abiding wonder.

Then, put Winston on again—and let the Americans hear all about the New World we dream of.

These are only a few ideas. There are hundreds.

WHY NOT GUIDES FOR SOLDIERS?

● "Could I see inside?"

A Canadian soldier, deeply interested in the Theatre, asked me that outside Drury Lane.

I took him in and showed him round, to his great delight.

London wants a corps of volunteer guides who can point out and explain those many places that are of great interest to soldiers, not only from overseas but from the provinces.

They ask their way, all day long. But few know what there is to see.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHEN Alec Weedon, of Hemel Hempstead, Herts, joined the British Army to have a whack at Hitler and Mussolini he never thought he was going to be hailed as a Big White Chief.

But as a sergeant in charge of Askari troops in Somaliland that has been his experience, and he writes to a friend at Newell Road, Hemel Hempstead, telling all about it:

We had been chasing Italians all over the place when news reached us from a Sultan to the effect that his men were threatening to revolt.

Now, it isn't pleasant to have a little war behind your lines, so I was given a platoon of Askaris and two lorries and sent along to see what was amiss.

It was a long journey to the Sultan's house. He received me with much bowing and shaking. He roasted an ox in my honour.

He gave me wine. It tasted like poison, but I felt I couldn't offend him by refusing. And he laughed with glee at the thought that the stuff was appreciated, and forced more on me.

I had taken an interpreter along with the party, but we simply couldn't make out what the trouble was all about, although we stayed there for many pleasant days.

One day he said to me that he was astounded how one so young as me could become a Great White Chief. I didn't tell him that I was a sergeant, and happened to be all the Army could spare at that moment.

Obviously a Great White Chief must ride, so he lent me his horse.

When the time came for us to leave we still didn't know much what it was all about. But apparently the trouble had worn off—his men didn't want to revolt

We were given a terrific send-off. He insisted on our taking four oxen, a crowd of goats and lots of chickens. And so I arrived back with more livestock than troops, to receive an equally terrific reception.

I love serving with these coloured people. You have to be father, mother, brother, and friend to them. Lawyer, too—they will even ask you if you will arrange a divorce for them. But so eager are they to attend to your wants that I am afraid they make an Englishman go lazy.

People who believe West Africa is inhabited by cannibals should read this letter of Bombardier R. C. Tindall to his father in Allcot Road, Copnor, Portsmouth:

A couple of pals and myself asked if we could go to service, and, permission being given, we trotted off to a local Methodist church.

But when I say church, please don't be deceived. It was tiny, intended for native worship, and the inside was merely white-washed. The bellows of the ancient harmonium sounded louder than the music itself.

We received the stares of the whole congregation, being the only white people there. But they made us very welcome. The sermon was read out first in English and then in a native tongue, and the hymns, which reminded me of Paul Robeson's Negro spirituals, were very hard for us to follow.

PRISONERS

That the wives and parents of our men imprisoned in Germany don't always know at what sacrifice they write home is suggested by Scrgt.-Major R. Rogan, who writes from Stalag IV A to his sister:

We are only allowed two letters and four cards a month.

I have just bought this one with my dinner—as I buy many a one. So if at any time I am late in answering your letters you will know I am feeling hungry.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

PRISONERS-OF-WAR at a Midlands camp hired a taxi—cost £3—to buy glasses to replace those broke at a party. Would this waste of petrol be allowed in Germany or Italy?—R. T. Howells, 58, Elms Avenue, Littleover, Derby.

* * *

Make one hour a day "austerity hour," when every house, factory, shop, etc., will dispense with all heating. Saving will be enormous.—A. R., Carlisle. [Official view: Increased fuel consumption to get rooms warm again will actually spell waste.—EDITOR.]

* * *

What a fuss some girls make about going into a factory. That is *too* big a sacrifice to beat Hitler. Yet in my young days boys and girls of twelve had to be at the mill at 6 a.m.—left at 6 p.m.—Fred French, Duston, Northampton.

* * *

Railings of local school have been removed as scrap. Value of scrap £3 10s. Cost of new wall being built, £120.—R. Macpherson, Garngad Road, Millerston, Glasgow. [Schools in London may retain railings where safety of children is involved.—EDITOR.]

* * *

Two hundred Runner beans cost a shilling, will yield plants in three weeks if you merely tread them into the soil. Local cost of these plants, 1s. a dozen. And that's *Scarlet* Marketing.—Lifelong land worker, Tom Ellis, Bradwell Lane, Wolstanton, Staffs.

* * *

Daughter having been sent home from school for wearing blazer not quite standard school type, am wondering whether this really is a 100 per cent. drive for victory.—N. C., Psalter Lane, Sheffield.

KINDNESS

KINDNESS gets misunderstood for weakness by petty natures. And so they seek to take advantage, thinking that Kindness shows a timid mind. They pit their paltriness against it. How cheap this is and oh, how very blind.

KINDNESS brings the kind heart disappointments, for it's always proving how small folk can be. It's one of the loveliest things Life has to offer, and yet it's treated so despicably. People take it for a sign of softness, across which they can ride roughshod with pride, but one of Life's most tragic losses is when Kindness has been scorned till it has died.

KINDNESS is the thing folk most remember when it has gone and they're in direst need. When they've failed in things they thought were so certain. It's then they long for just one touch of Kindness, to give them strength to carry on anew. It's strange how every one of us needs Kindness to help us on in Life and get us through.

J. M.

PHOSFERINE is a great tonic

agrees Mrs. G. B. of Grantham

"I find Phosferine very beneficial for loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nerves. I feel as fit now as I ever have done. I shall always keep a bottle by me, as I know from personal experience that Phosferine is a great tonic.

A trial of Phosferine will prove how quickly this really great tonic acts and every additional dose will put back into you the vital energy which you have given out in hard work and mental concentration.

PHOSFERINE

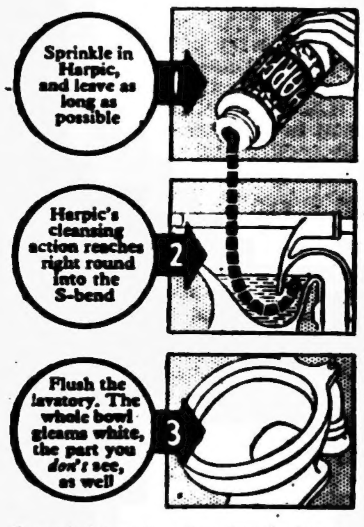
TABLETS OR LIQUID

2/4 (No. 1 size) and 3/3 (No. size)

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

HARPIC cleans the lavatory *easily*


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you *don't* see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

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You can save the country's much needed metal by buying your Gibbs Dentifrice in the handy battledress refills. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans best, lasts longest. No mess, no waste. Popular Size Refills 7d, including tax.

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BEST cooks say BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER —*The Best in the World*

A WARNING NO MOTHER CAN IGNORE

If your children seem pale and fail to thrive as they should, be careful what medicine you give them. Under no circumstance give harsh laxatives.

Instead, take the advice of child specialists everywhere, and give the remarkable "natural" remedy 'California Syrup of Figs'—a delicious tasting liquid actually containing the juice of whole sun-ripened figs. What it does is almost beyond belief.

Children's spirits revive. They come in from play happy and well, energy and strength increase. It's like a miracle.

What you must remember is this. When you buy, emphasise the word California, to be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs.' In this way you can avoid the dangers of harsh laxatives. Your chemist has 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Get it to-day, for the sake of your children.

THE LAST LAUGH

E. K. (Fordingbridge).—"Anybody wasting domestic fuel or encouraging others to waste it should be punished." For instance, never tell anybody to go and eat coke.

T. T. (Leicester).—"In my opinion, people who have anything to do with the sale of alcoholic liquor should be behind bars." That's exactly where they are.

CLERK (Haywards Heath).—"I am not conceited, but it is a fact that many well-known firms want me." What on earth have you been up to?

G. T. (Edmonton).—"The Englishman is not a furtive creature." Have you ever seen one bashfully taking in the milk from the front doorstep clad in a vivid dressing-gown?

C. R. (Mexborough).—"Goering is said to be very irritable with his staff." So we suppose they are careful not to remind him about what he said regarding the impossibility of the R.A.F. bombing Germany.

F. V. (Charlton).—"He is not clever. He only makes people think he is clever." Well, isn't that clever?

S. N. (Tewkesbury).—"Lord Woolton assured us that Britain will have plenty of bread all through the year." This should mean that there will be no shortage of what are laughingly called sausages.

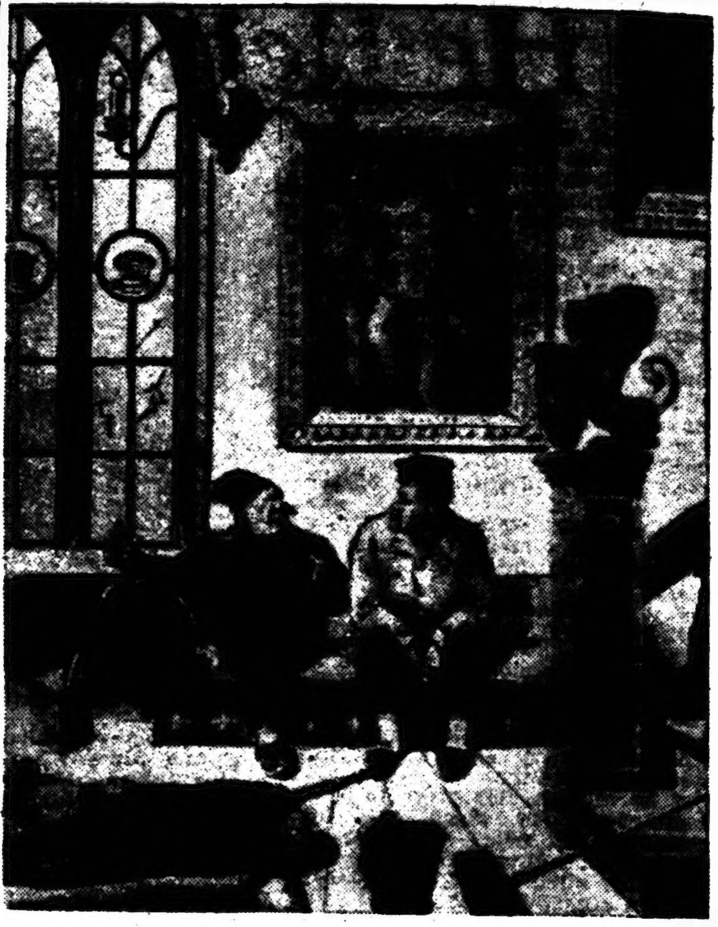
W. F. (Southampton).—"An illegible hand is no asset in social or commercial life." Although it is useful in disguising weak spelling.

A. D. (Eastleigh).—"To be successful, a prize-fighter must have enthusiasm." But not be carried away too often.

ARCHIE (Islington).—"After all, why shouldn't I call and see you one day?" We are short of staff, but one of our typists will find time to let you have a list of reasons as soon as possible.

O. W. (Kenilworth).—"The worst thing that can happen to a man is for him to come into a large fortune unexpectedly." Most people are prepared for the worst.

P. J. (Spennymoor).—"It is natural for a man to want his own back." Although he is not so keen on it after doing some strenuous digging in the garden.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

What, the Duke that owns this place? Well I think he lives in that cottage yer can see across the field, from the back of our cookhouse.

Side-Slips

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"... expressed surprise that no mention was made in the reply of the committee's request for the report of the FOOL inspector who had inspected the sugar...."

THE DAILY EXPRESS:—"... blew up two locomotives and brought the barges to a standstill with cannon-HELLS."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"... pleaded guilty to damaging a WIDOW to the extent of 15s."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EVENING EXPRESS:—"The police, who had been informed that members of the crew had threatened to desert, found the sailors sprawled on the deck singing drinking SONS."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I have known Mrs. E. Sutton for several years, and strongly recommend her for help from your fund," writes the vicar of the parish where she lives.

During the last war her husband served in the Navy, and at the outbreak of the present conflict he was one of the first to volunteer. After serving two years in the Army, however, he has been discharged a nervous wreck and unfit for further service.

He is advised by his doctor to take a long rest. It is not difficult for our readers to imagine the worry this advice causes a father of five children under fourteen years.

His wife is doing her utmost in these terribly difficult times, but the perpetual struggle to keep five hungry children fed on their very small income is greatly aggravating her husband's nervous condition.

Donations to assist this deserving family, earmarked "Nerves," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously. Every penny sent is passed to those in need, for all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,327

FIRST PRIZE £50

Mrs. M. Edgeworth, "Avalon," 16, Newlands Rd., New Milton, Hants, for this "Bullet":

PLANNING FOR TO-MORROW
BIT PREVIOUS? "BITTER" PREVIOUSLY!

£20: E. Walton, "Glen-maye," Stanthorne, Middlewich, Cheshire.
Dad Likes Beer, But—From "Hops," Not "Springs"!

£10: Mrs. A. Ensor, 38, Queen Street, Rugeley, Staffs.
In Our Village To-day—No Flower-show—Evacuees "Blossoming."

£5: F. Sharp, 78, Spring Bank, Grimsby.
[illegible] Of [illegible]—Achieved—Now For Achievements!

£4: G. Stephenson, "[illegible]," Manor Rd., Beverley, Yorks.
In Russia—Vodka? "Punch"!

£3: T. Dewhurst, 60, Leeds Rd., Blackpool.
Good For Britain—Turning Night Into "Day."

£2: G. Bell, 557, Gt. Western Rd., Aberdeen.
Up In Whitehall—[illegible]—"London" First.

20s.: F. R. Barnes, 1, Ridgeway Gardens, Ilford.
For The Few—Less, For The Future!

20s.: J. S. Collins, 13, Progress St., Blackburn.
Our Losses—and [illegible], "Bravely Sustained."

20s.: G. E. Bell, 7, Byremoor, Burnopfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Up In Whitehall—School "Ties" "Collar" Backs.

20s.: R. F. [illegible], 53, Tynemouth Rd., S. Tottenham, N.15.
In Our Village To-day—No "Tour"—On Tour!

20s.: L. Booth, 11, Woodside Ave., Green Lane, Coventry.
Voice Of Reason—But Hes Fooled Me!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 40 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Mark Awards have also been posted.

8 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 279

WINNING WORDS: 1. [illegible]. 2. [illegible]. 3. [illegible]. 4. [illegible]. 5. [illegible]. 6. [illegible]. 7. [illegible]. 8. [illegible]. 9. [illegible]. 10. [illegible]. 11. [illegible]. 12. [illegible]. 13. [illegible]. 14. [illegible].

£[illegible] WINNERS: Sto. R. Atkins, c/o G.P.O. London; Pte. A. G. [illegible], [illegible]; Mrs. M. Jones, 1, [illegible] Villas, [illegible]; H. [illegible], 64, [illegible] Rd., S.W.16; Mrs. Palmer, 6, St. John's Ter., [illegible]; Miss D. E. [illegible], 207, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow; Capt. L. H. [illegible], [illegible]; E. J. White, [illegible], Old [illegible], Southampton. Awards value [illegible] shared between 97 [illegible].

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE — TOTAL PRIZES VALUE £340

"JOHN BULL'S" WARTIME BOOK SERVICE TO ALL READERS!

SEEING is BELIEVING!
APPLY AT ONCE!
A world-collection of over 400 ASTONISHING PICTURES
SEE THE GIANT GOD, WASHED WITH WINE FOR 2,000 YEARS!
SEE THE 100 TON STONE THAT A CHILD CAN ROCK!
THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS

LOOK!

Below are just a few of the hundreds of astounding things SHOWN in this book!

[illegible] OF [illegible]! [illegible] OF A THOUSAND [illegible]! [illegible] PASSION OF LOVE! [illegible] OF A [illegible]! ETC., ETC.

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS"

FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE WONDERS!—Baffling mysteries and marvels from [illegible] lands!—the most astonishing sights ever beheld by man revealed in a magnificent world-wide collection of over 400 astounding pictures!—AND EVERY BIT OF IT TRUE! That is "THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS," which "John Bull" invites every reader to secure.

Here is all the mystery and fascination of strange peoples and far-off lands . . . the riddle of lost races . . . the [illegible] . . . the terror of age-old witchcraft. Here is a book that is different!—which dares you to believe it and yet brings every miracle of the Ancient and Modern world [illegible] before your very eyes.

So tremendous is the demand that this sensational book must soon be withdrawn. Supplies are strictly limited—and remember: IT'S FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED! You send no money now for this book, but you MUST APPLY AT ONCE on the Order-Label on left! *The vivid 40,000-word Commentary and captions which run through the 320 pages will make you literally gasp!*

LOOK at the titles of but a few! The Temple of the Tooth; the [illegible]; the [illegible]—[illegible] mystery and magic! [illegible] astounding wonders of the world of to-day: the [illegible]; the [illegible], etc. Book is bound in a [illegible], [illegible] in Gold. All you need when you receive your invoice is only [illegible], which includes [illegible], packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label on left. Affix 1d. stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and Printed Matter and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "World's Greatest Wonders," Book Dept., J.K. 2, [illegible]. On receipt of Order-Label you will be sent an invoice which you then return with remittance, and your book will then be dispatched, carriage paid to your home.

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you. Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME ....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

....

....

....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.K.s. 27/6/42

POST FORM ON LEFT!

Strength of Body and Nerve never meant so much as now. This needed strength is available to all in YESTAMIN—the powerful concentrate of pure Vitamin Yeast which replaces the Energy expended in extra work and builds up mighty reserves of Strength. Remember—however good in itself a food may be, it cannot nourish you without vitamins, and these are largely destroyed by cooking. Yestamin contains the fullest amount of the B vitamins which make other food constituents do their work. Yestamin is entirely free from drugs, consequently its action is wholly beneficial. Start taking it now and continue to do so—the longer the better. It will cost you only a penny a day.

Of all Chemists

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets
100 for 1/3, 225 for 2/6, 350 for 3/3.
The English Grains Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

SUMMER FOOT COMFORT Assured by Zam-Buk

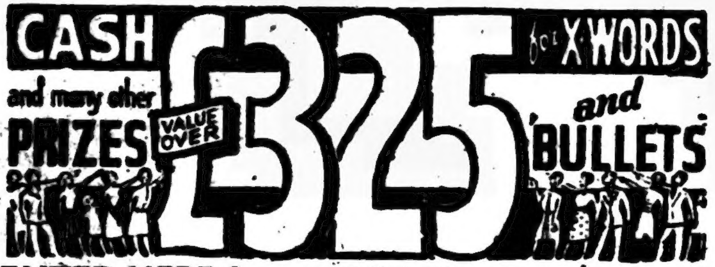
The Foundation of Happiness!

If you want your feet to be happy and healthy all the time, soothe and heal them in this simple and most effective way. First bathe feet in warm water. Then dry carefully and massage Zam-Buk Ointment for a couple of minutes each night into your ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes.

You will be amazed how quickly the medicinal oils in Zam-Buk allay pain, swelling and inflammation, heal chafing, soreness, blisters, and other foot troubles. With the help of Zam-Buk, corns are softened, loosened and easily removed—root and all.

Zam-Buk

Ends Aching, Soreness and Swelling.



ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 279, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.							3d	3d	3d
1	CAN BE PRETTY PAINFUL	C	O		I	C	■	■			
2	IT'S SILLY TO ALLOW WRONG TREATMENT TO AGGRAVATE	■	■		O	U	G	H			
3	COAL OFTEN TRANSFORMS ITSELF INTO	■	C		K	E	■	■			
4	WILL LET YOU DOWN IF LEANED ON TOO HEAVILY	A	S		■	■	■	■			
5	GOOD ONE WILL HELP ARMY'S MORALE	■	■		A	U	S	E			
6	STRIP OF SUCH LAND HAS OFTEN BEEN WRONGFULLY ENCLOSED	B	E		T	■	■	■			
7	FLANK ATTACK CAN CAUSE PART OF ENEMY'S FORCES TO BE	■	B		G	G	E	D			
8	WHEN YOU GET THIS YOU MAY WELL FEEL LIKE ROARING WITH LAUGHTER	G	A		■	■	■	■			
9	IT'S NOT DIFFICULT FOR SKILLED GOLDSMITH TO MAKE EXPENSIVE ONE	■	B		N	G	L	E			
10	ACTS AS GUIDE	C	U		■	■	■	■			
11	OCCASIONALLY IT'S DIFFICULT TO AVOID BEING RUN DOWN BY	■	■		O	R	R	Y			
12	IF IT ISN'T A YARD LONG IT'S VERY SHORT	■	E		L	■	■	■			
13	ONE HAS SMALL FAITH IN POLITICIANS WHO DO THIS AGAIN AND AGAIN	T	A		K	■	■	■			
14	OLD FOLKS ENJOY REVISITING SCENE OF FORMER ONE	■	■		A	U	N	T			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 18.

P.O. Value............ CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .... MONDAY, JULY 6
Signed ....
Address..
283

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6
To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS

1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, July 17. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,327th Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

TURN OF THE TIDE
WE DEMAND
MAN WITH A SPADE
YOUTH
HELL ON EARTH
EASIER
ALL HE KNOWS
BECKONING BEACON
NOBODY SPOKE, BUT
WHAT CAN BE DONE
ALONE
LET THE CAT OUT
AT HOME
HITLER'S GETTING WINDY, SO
GOVERNMENT SPOKESMAN
FREEDOM'S FORTRESS
A THOUSAND BOMBERS
CONVENIENTLY FORGOTTEN
UP ROLLED A TANK AND
OUGHT TO BE SHUT UP

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

END OF OUR..............
TO FATHER'S ....
APPEALS TO..............
HIS LITTLE..............
SEEING THE..............
GOING TO BE ....

EXAMPLE ....
BULLET ....
EXAMPLE ....
BULLET ....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 18.

P.O. Value..........
No.....................
Closing Postmark **1,331** Monday, July 6.
Signed ....
Address..

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,331—or Xword No. 283,
"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE,
LONDON W.C.2 (Comp.).

"Tell me, doctor . . .

. . . . why do some wounds heal quite quickly, and others seem to take so long?"

Wounds heal naturally and quickly only if they are kept clean and free from the germs of septic infection. To keep wounds in a healthy condition for safe and rapid healing, surgeons everywhere use 'Dettol'. This ruthless destroyer of germs is entirely non-poisonous and non-corrosive.

This means that whilst it thoroughly disinfects a wound, 'Dettol' leaves living tissue unharmed to begin the processes of natural repair. And so it not only protects the body from the menace of septic complications, but permits safe, rapid healing.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Trade Mark

Oh, My Back!

SAFEGUARD YOUR KIDNEYS

when you are worried or overworked or are convalescing from a cold, chill or fever. Your blood filters have a heavy task to perform and it is not surprising that at such times they often become congested and fail to work properly. You may feel worn out, head dizzy and aching, or you may be subject to such symptoms as **Backache, Inflamed Muscles and Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Trouble, Disturbed Nights and Gravel.** Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This modern medicine will stimulate sluggish kidneys to flush out excess uric acid and other poisons. The early use of Doan's Pills may save you weeks of needless discomfort.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

TAKE ME BACK!

The country suffers from an acute metal shortage. You must help save the situation by handing over all old metal tubes to your chemist who is an official collector. Tubes that contained shaving cream, toothpaste, ointment, paint, rubber solution, etc.—all must go back to the shop. And make this a rule—

FOR EVERY NEW TUBE YOU BUY HAND OVER AN OLD ONE

PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF OLD TUBES WILL GO TO THE RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

This space has been presented by the makers of GIBBS S.R. TOOTHPASTE

ISSUED BY THE DENTIFRICE MANUFACTURERS OF GT. BRITAIN

Make MARS last longer..

Every Mars Bar is so richly satisfying in flavour and goodness that—now they are rationed—you'll want to make the most of every one. So cut that chewy, chunky bar into slices and s-t-r-e-t-c-h your enjoyment of it, piece by toothsome piece.

2½d

Mars GRAND FOOD-GRAND FLAVOUR!

Don't see red if you can't get STEAD RAZOR BLADES

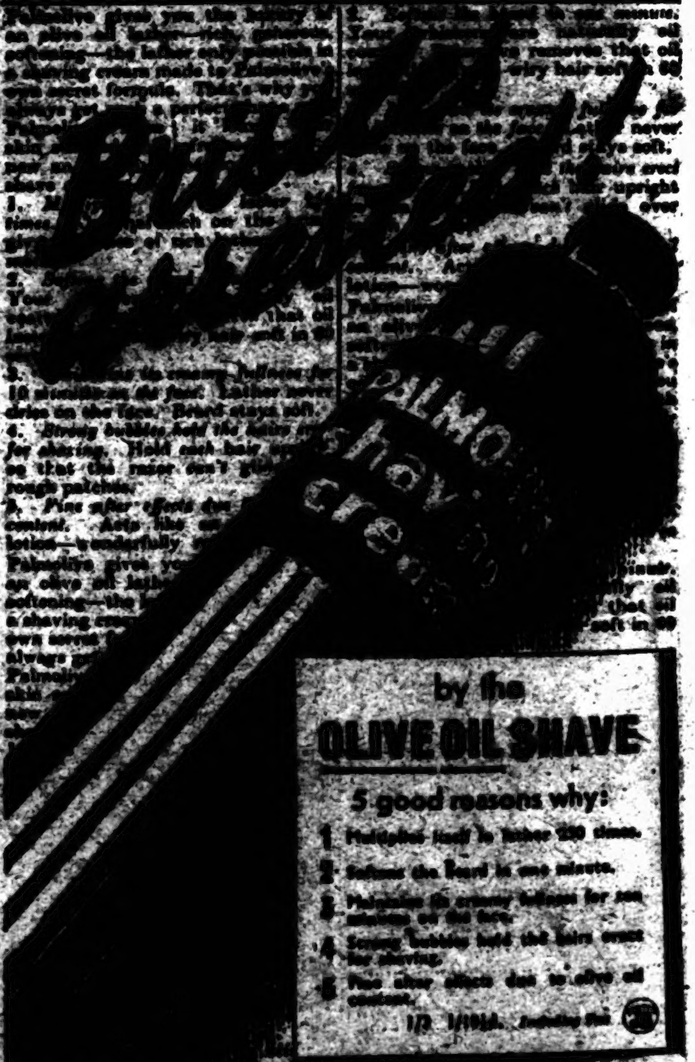
When you do get them, in the famous weekly wallet, remember they last longer. A different blade for every day.

Also STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stops. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT



Palmolive gives you the luxury of an olive oil lather—rich, generous, softening—the lather only possible in a shaving cream made to Palmolive's own secret formula. That's why you always get [illegible]

2. Softens the beard in one minute. Your [illegible] naturally oil [illegible] removes that oil [illegible] wiry hair soft in 60 [illegible]

3. [illegible] its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face. Lather never dries on the face. Beard stays soft.

4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs [illegible] for shaving. Hold each hair [illegible] so that the razor can't [illegible] rough patches.

5. Fine after-effects due [illegible] content. Acts like [illegible] lotion—wonderfully [illegible]

by the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

5 good reasons why:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive oil content.

1/3 1/10½d. Including Tax

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J.B.L. 236 ★ 221